AUGUST, 1910 FIVE CENTS

WILSHIRE'S

"LET THE NATION OWN THE TRUSTS"

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Gold and Rubber: Kings in Com-

MY reference to the Aremu Gold mine in the last issue of this magazine has given rise to so many inquiries that, against my original intent, I have decided to save a lot of letter writing by telling the Story of Aremu in these columns.

The Tassawini Mine

A little over two years ago I went down to British Guiana to inspect the Tassawini Gold Mine. British Guiana, otherwise called Demerara, I might say, for the sake of those who don't keep track of all the little governments on the earth, is a colony belonging to Great Britain in South America on the Atlantic Ocean north of Brazil, and is a nine-day trip from New York. It is the far-famed Eldorado where Sir Walter Raleigh sought the Lake of Gold, and gold is today, after sugar, the greatest export. The whole of the country back from the coast seems more or less heavily impregnated with gold. Millions of dollars have been taken out of the creeks and rivers by negroes from alluvial washings. However, most of these easily accessible washings have now been worked out, and the future of mining there, as in other countries, is to be done by machinery under the direction of skilled experts. The old days when any man could go out with a pick and shovel and bring in gold by the pound are almost passed.

However, while there are square miles of gold-bearing alluvial ground which makes one think that there are many places where capital might be applied to advantage, it will be found that the opportunities are not so many as at first appear. It's hard prospecting, don't try it.

The gold has been washed out of reefs that are not very easily found or if found do not always show up as rich as might be expected. For instance, all about the Tassawini Mine were signs of old negro washings and indeed some work then going on, and no doubt the Tassawini Reef itself was the source of much of this gold, but it is too low a grade for a stamp mill. It is an immense hill or series of hills composed largely of a low-grade gold quartz decomposed and in place. It would not pay to mill, but it seemed an easy enough thing to put in a hydraulic plant and wash down the hills by water power and get dollars where the negroes were getting cents. But it was not quite so simple as it looked. We have gotten good returns, $137,622.32 in bullion since we began, but this is not as much as we expected. It's impossible to accurately prospect such ground as Tassawini. We continually sink prospect pits wherever the ground looks promising, but results cannot be predicted accurately we have found. That Tassawini was sure to be irregular and uncertain I warned buyers of stock at the time of selling, as will be seen from one of my circulars. I was indeed so concerned about the mine that while I thought there were immense possibilities, and I think so yet, that I guaranteed my buyers against loss. The working of the mine has justified my forecast. For one month we will get a bullion return of $17,000 and the next month one of less than $4,000. It always keeps one on the anxious seat. However, now that we have about completed a drainage tunnel which will open up a large territory of new and promising ground I look for larger and more regular returns.

Fuel Car, Aremu Mine

Tassawini is not a failure, it has actually produced over $137,000 in gold, and its record of $17,000 per month is likely to be repeated when we get into the new ground, but in the future I will stick to straight gold quartz mines, like Aremu and Bishop Creek, worked in the regular way, the gold to be extracted by stamp milling and cyaniding. No one can yet say that Tassawini may not exceed all that I thought it might do, but meanwhile don't buy any South American Gold Company promotion stock at any price unless I give the word.

The Discovery of Aremu

During my inspection of Tassawini I heard rumors of there being further back in the bush an immense outcrop of rich gold quartz called the "Aremu Mine" which had every indication of being exactly the kind of a mine I was on the lookout for. The ore was said to be soft and so rich as to be easily worked by hand, and that there were then some two hundred or more negroes digging the ore with picks and shovels out of an open cut and then merely crushing it with the sides of their picks and taking it down in sacks on their heads to the creek and getting rich from the gold they washed out.

This sounded so much like a fairy story that at first I laughed at it, and it took considerable urging by a number of alleged eyewitnesses before I could be persuaded to make a trip of investigation. It was quite a long journey back to the mine, requiring six days of travel in boats over dangerous rivers full of rapids and waterfalls, and finally a long twenty-five-mile walk through swamps and over bridgeless rivers. Odon Por, who was with me, will write up this trip some day. The country was quite uninhabited except for a few negro gold diggers, and all our provisions had to be carried with us on the heads of our negro "droghers."

Roosevelt's trip through Africa was a Pullman to a brake-beam compared with it. Of course, now that we have opened up a waterway the travel is easy. I can quite understand now why, notwithstanding all the well authenticated rumors about the wonderful Aremu Mine, no white man had ever ventured before to hit the Aremu trail.

However, the trip was enjoyable in spite of all the hardships and dangers

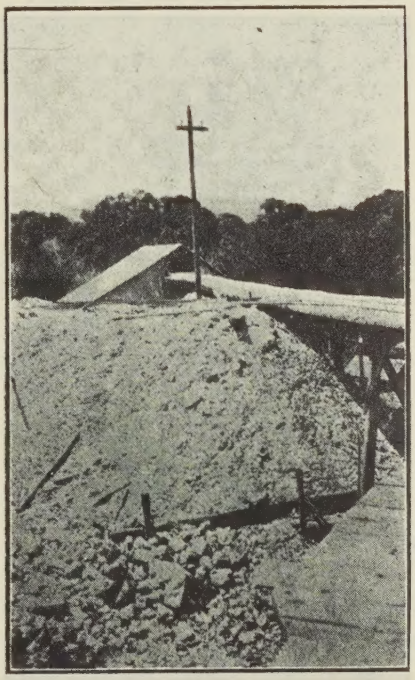
bination.—The Story of Aremu

and we really had a "perfectly corking time." Ask Odon. Notwithstanding that we were almost under the equator it is never oppressively hot in the forests of British Guiana and, singular to state, the swamps here seem to breed few or no mosquitoes. The rains are torrential, but the drops are so warm that you are never chilled as long as you keep walking, even if wet to the skin. The nights are always cool and delightful.

We found the two hundred negroes there as promised, and all busy as beavers digging out the ore from an immense quartz vein 30 to 40 feet wide that outcropped on a small hill. They had made an open cut with a series of pits all about 30 feet deep and 6 feet wide at the bottom, and extending along the center of the vein about 600 to 700 feet in length. They were then crushing the ore, as said, with the sides of their picks and taking it down to the creek and washing out gold by the pound. It all seemed like a dream, almost incredible, but there they were right before our eyes, and not only did we see the gold they were then washing out, but I saw the official British Guiana government gold returns from the mine for many months previous corroborating all that had been claimed. There is a royalty of 70 cents per oz. on gold in British Guiana, and every miner and mine has to pass all his gold through the revenue office and keep a book showing the exact amount of gold won. There is no chance of any deception there about how much gold a mine has been producing.

There had never been any thought on the part of the negroes that they would ever find a purchaser of their mine. They were merely looking to getting their return from digging out the gold themselves in their own primitive ways, not a bad life either, for the climate at Aremu is both healthy and agreeable. I was there five months last winter with my wife and baby, and we were always well.

However, the Aremu Mine could not be worked by an open cut forever, and was not such a good thing for the negroes as it at first appeared. They had already in fact mined almost as much ore as they could by means of an open cut, for the ground was soft and the sides could not stand up under the heavy tropical rains. Danger of death from cave-ins was constantly menacing the negroes. They knew it, too, from sad experience. They had been working previously in other places along the same vein and in the same manner for along a stretch of over two miles, and they knew that whenever they began to get down to a depth of 30 or 40 feet they had been driven out by the sides falling in. They had no knowledge of sinking and drifting. Hence it was not such a difficult matter to get them to sell the Aremu Mine, although the price was not as low as under the circumstances it might have been. The negroes figured that as they might not be able to work much longer anyway, they had better take my offer and seek to find another Aremu. They had found others before on the same vein, and why not more, but as yet



Ore Dump, Aremu Mine

no more have been discovered. After buying the Aremu Mine I got control of all the territory in the vicinity by means of a Ten Thousand Acre Concession granted by the British Guiana Government.

As for the negro sellers, they have not yet spent their purchase money, and until they do I don't think they will spend much time looking for more gold mines. Not many negroes work when they don't have to, and some white men don't either.

On returning to Georgetown I cabled to New York for machinery and a ten stamp mill. Inasmuch as the Aremu vein outcropped along the surface of the ground for over two miles and I was confident that we would require power at more than one point, I decided that it would be an economy to have a central electric plant which could distribute power where needed.

There is a good water power for electricity, about 15 miles distant, but as there is unlimited wood for fuel, it was decided to generate the electricity at first by steam, so I ordered three 84 h.p. boilers. These with two 120 h.p. engines directly connected to two 75 K-W. generators are now installed and operating well, and furnish us our power. I might say here that the first work was to clear out Aremu Creek and make it navigable. This we did, and it was a tedious, expensive job, too; but it is what has made the transportation of machinery to Aremu possible. We take up the very heaviest machinery to the mine without breaking bulk. After getting the power plant running we were in position, with our air drills and hoist and electric sinking pump, to go ahead rapidly with mine development work to be ready for the 10 stamp mill. We also have installed a fine 90 h.p. Ingersoll compressor which runs our air drills and our Cameron sinking pump.

We now have our shaft down 180 feet and have run two levels. The first level runs clean through the hill and into air at both ends, it's about 1,200 feet long. The pay shoot is about 400 feet long. The second level is now in about 350 feet east of the shaft and something like 250 feet is in good pay ore averaging $16 to the ton 6 feet wide. It's still in the pay, the last assay from the face, as per cable, assays $17 to the ton. The west drift has $20 ore, but is not yet developed.

The mill started in operation last March and has been running right along successfully and profitably. The gold, while ideal for cyaniding, is too fine for a large extraction by amalgamation. We have been getting 63 per cent. from the plates; however, we always intended to add a cyanide plant and we have impounded our tailings for future treatment. The latest cyanide process even with free milling ores is to omit amalgamation altogether, slime the ore and cyanide everything. The extraction of Aremu ore by this method should be 98 per cent., as opposed to 63 per cent., and another great advantage is that the ore from the mill, not having to be crushed fine for amalgamation, can be passed through a much coarser screen,

Gold and Rubber: Kings in Com-

thereby doubling the tonnage capacity of the mill. The coarse pulp from the mill is fed to a tube mill which slimes it ready for the cyanide treatment.

This is a comparatively new method of treatment and has lately been introduced at both Goldfield and Tonopah with great success, quite superseding amalgamation. I had not decided upon this process even as late as a month ago when I last referred to the Aremu Mine, but I am now convinced of its great advantage to Aremu because of the doubled tonnage as well as the increased extraction. At present we are, as said, using amalgamation merely and are daily getting through 50 tons of our soft ore with 63 per cent. extraction.

The actual gold gained at Aremu for the last 11 weeks is 1,945 ounces which, at $18 per ounce, is $35,010. If we had had a cyanide plant we should have run through just double the quantity of ore and at the same time have increased the extraction from 63 per cent. to 98 per cent. This means that we would have had over $100,000 to our credit for the 11 weeks run instead of $35,000.

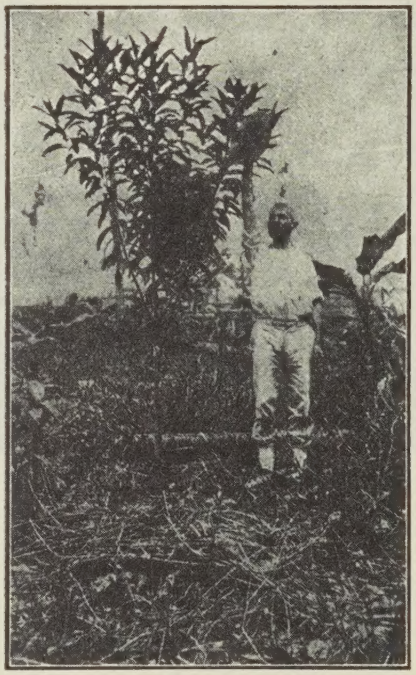
When the cyanide plant is in operation, our gold production should be $10,000 per week or over $500,000 bullion per year. The share of profits for the Aremu Rubber and Gold Company, which owns about a two-thirds interest in the Aremu Mine, should be sufficient to pay 4 per cent. per annum upon its outstanding common stock. Inasmuch as I am offering this stock at 16 2-3 cents for each dollar share, or six shares for one dollar, a 4 per cent. dividend upon par means 24 per cent. per annum to those who purchase at this offer.

While I figure that our net earnings should be sufficient to pay 24 per cent. return to the investor at present prices, I don't wish it to be thought that 24 per cent. is all I am expecting.

The Future of Aremu

The Aremu Mine outcrop indicates an enormous deposit of ore. There are very few gold quartz veins in the world that outcrop for over two miles thirty feet wide showing values all along up to $20 to the ton. I don't know of a single one that shows as many old hand workings as does this Aremu vein. It's a most remarkable deposit of gold ore, and with the exception of Bishop Creek, which is not a free milling ore, I do not think there is such a prospect as Aremu anywhere in the world.

There is no chance of my being mistaken about the statements of fact I am making: the quartz is not only exposed, but we have had a mill working on it for four months and we have the results not only of theory but practice to guide us.



Aremu Rubber Concession, Rubber Tree, One Year Old

When you buy stock in this company you get an interest in a mine not only well developed, but one that has the mill in actual and profitable operation. I believe you will merely have to wait for your dividends until the cyanide plant is installed, and this is an undertaking, as you know, comparatively small and inconsequential, particularly so when everything else is already operating.

The cost in cash to me for Aremu has been considerably over $200,000 to date. I spent my money, developed the mine and got the mill running before I offered a share of stock for sale. Do you know of anyone else who ever did this? This certainly shows my faith in Aremu. I should further acknowledge, however, that I did not intend to offer this stock for sale at all, but had in mind keeping it for myself and using the profits to further my pernicious doctrine of "Let the Nation Own the Trusts." However, I am in honor bound to build that Bishop mill, and I see no better and quicker way to raise cash for Bishop than to sell my Aremu stock, even if at half price. I started out to ask double the present price. I can sell some Bishop stock, but I am sure I can sell more Aremu stock, not that it is better, but because the mill is built.

Rubber Planting

It so happens that the Aremu Mine is in the midst of a territory unequaled for growing the genuine Para rubber trees. It occurred to me that as we cleared our ground for fuel and timber for the mine that we might as well be planting out rubber on the land thus cleared, for clearing is the great expense in rubber planting. Aremu is contiguous to the Amazon Basin where the greater part of the world's Para rubber comes from, and by planting the Hevea Braziliensis or genuine Para rubber trees we would be sure of a great profit.

I was at first like most Americans against rubber planting on account of the many failures of American companies who had planted rubber in Mexico. However, when the British companies who had planted rubber in the East and Ceylon commenced to pay their 100 per cent. and 200 per cent. dividends and the U. S. Consular reports said that there had been practically no failures among the British companies, I started out to investigate and find out why the British succeeded where we Americans failed. The explanation was all simple enough; the British had planted the genuine *Para* rubber, the Hevea Braziliensis, while the Americans had planted the Castilloa. The Castilloa not only bears less rubber and the rubber is not so valuable as Para rubber, and besides the

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climate of Mexico is not so well adapted to rubber growing anyway, as is Ceylon and the territory near the Amazon Basin like British Guiana.

We have already some fine, lusty, vigorous Hevea trees growing on our Aremu concession, and there is no question but that we have an ideal place for Para rubber. I can furnish all kinds of authority for saying this.

The Aremu Rubber and Gold Company through its ownership of the capital stock of the Aremu Rubber Co., Ltd., controls a concession of 10,000 acres surrounding the Aremu Mine, and it is the intent to gradually plant this out in Para rubber, using part of our profits from the mine to pay the expense of planting.

We have already bought from the British Guiana government 100,000 Hevea Braziliensis seeds and will proceed to plant them out at once as a starter. The profits from rubber are simply immense if you plant the right kind of tree, the Para rubber, and we have that tree, and if you have the right soil and climate, and we have both, you can't help making money.

A rubber tree can be tapped at the 4th year; this is now known, but it used to be thought that you had to wait considerably longer. At six years the trees begin to bear well and at eight years the cash returns are heavy. Rubber is one of the commodities that is particularly affected by the current disease of "high price." It's way up now. It has gone up from less than a dollar a pound to $2.50 per pound in the last year, and there is every reason to think it will go even higher. It's an article that cannot rapidly be increased in supply, and on the other hand the demand for the automobiles and electrical appliances is ever increasing.

A Para rubber tree at nine years of age will produce 6 pounds of rubber, according to U. S. Consul General Du Bois at Singapore. Taking rubber at $1.00 per pound, less than one-half the price it is now selling at, then each 9-year-old tree should produce $6.00 worth of rubber per year. We have room on our concession, at 100 trees to the acre, for a million trees, and at $6.00 per tree, if it were all planted, means we would have an income of 6 million dollars a year. If the 100,000 seeds we now have grew into 100,000 trees these trees alone would bring in $600,000 per year. We not only have the proper land, but we have the mining organization to superintend the planting, and finally we will have the money to plant with, so therefore it seemed to me a most happy thought to put double harness upon gold and rubber, those kings of the financial and industrial world, and make them pull in the dollars for us.

There has been lately an enormous speculation in rubber plantation shares in London, but somehow or other the Americans have been a little shy on rubber. Whether it is on account of their unfortunate Mexican experiences or on account of not wanting to wait six years for returns I don't know. With Aremu stock we avoid Mexico, and as for the waiting there is no waiting, because the gold mine will be paying us dividends while we wait for the rubber trees to bear.

Conclusion

Well, this is my romance of gold and rubber. I have found a great gold mine and have built the mill, and now that everything is a success I invite you to come in and join with me in my success. The gold mine is in the center of our ten thousand acres of rubber land. I propose to gradually plant out this land in rubber as we clear our land for the mine use. We have to clear this land anyway from year to year, and I think it a great idea to use part of our profits from the gold mine to plant rubber. A rubber plantation grows better every year for 100 years, and even the Aremu Gold Mine cannot look for a life of 100 years. My price for Aremu Rubber and Gold stock is 16 2-3 cents for each dollar share, sixty shares for $10.

I am not going to sell much, for I again repeat that I am selling Aremu merely because I want money for Bishop Creek Mine. If you buy Aremu you help Bishop, for the money I get from Aremu will go to Bishop. If after buying Aremu you decide you prefer Bishop I will exchange with you any time within one year from date on basis of present prices. If you want some figures upon rubber and a panorama view of the Aremu Mine in full operation send for a prospectus.

GAYLORD WILSHIRE.

To GAYLORD WILSHIRE,

200 William Street, New York City.

Herewith please find { money order / cash / draft } for $..... { cash / 10% } payment upon.....shares of Aremu Rubber and Gold Company at rate of 16⅔ cents per share. It is understood that the par value is $1 per share.

Terms: { 10% cash and 10% per month; / 5% discount for all cash.

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town..... State.....

"LET·THE·NATION·OWN·THE TRUSTS"

WILSHIRE'S

GAYLORD WILSHIRE
-Editor-

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Reno and the Negro Problem

By GAYLORD WILSHIRE

THE so-called "race fights" already resulting, at the time of this writing, in the death of seven men, all, by the way, negroes, which ensued after it was known the negro had bested Jeffries at Reno is but another illustration of my contention that the crux of our negro problem is the Southern white man's fear of negro domination.

This is not an idle fear, if the negro were free to vote as he wished, either, as so many of our Northerners affect to believe. But the fear is to be removed by neither Judge Lynch nor illegal and unjust disenfranchisement.

There must be instituted justice between white and black in the South and, strange as it may seem for a Socialist to say, there must be instituted a political system that will safely preserve, *as long as we have Capitalism,* property rights in the South, and inasmuch as the whites own most of the property, this means that the whites *must* hold the political power.

There is no use of us Americans prating about the rights of man, equality and fraternity and all that. We have no rights of man in America, we have rights of property, and as long as this country, either North or South, believes in private property it's going to have a government which actually protects the owners in their rights.

Notice I use the word "actually." It's the practice, not the theory that counts. In a way, if the white voters of the North so chose, they could create just as much concern about property rights in the North as do the black voters of the South, but just now the voters of the North are as unanimous in their political support of property as any Capitalist could wish them to be, and therefore there is no reason to interfere with the right to vote.

If the voters of the North should commence to vote for Socialism so heavily that it was evidently only a question of a short time when the Socialist Party would be in a majority there seems to me no doubt that the Capitalists would most certainly strive to restrict the right to vote. How, I cannot predict, perhaps by having a plebiscite and electing Teddy as our perpetual President with Kermit heir apparent.

Now if the negroes had perfect freedom to vote as they pleased they would not, it is true, menace private property by voting for Socialism. They would destroy property by electing men so incompetent or so dishonest or both that there would be no value to any kind of property in the South, public or private.

This is no theory, it's the actual result of what has happened in Hayti from whence I have just returned, and it was the result of the negroes dominating the southern States after the war.

Although government by the whites of the South is a disgrace to our civilization in its incompetency, after all, when one has seen Hayti he cannot but admit that bad as are the political institutions in the South, and filthy as are many of their cities, yet Hayti is incomparably worse in every respect.

For the last 110 years the two million or so of negroes in Hayti have had a free hand to do as they please in an island wonderfully rich agriculturally and in minerals, with fine rivers and harbors and a delightful and salubrious climate.

What have these negroes done? They started out with a civilization given them by the French, from whom they had revolted and then massacred, and they have been gradually losing this intellectual inheritance every year, year by year, ever since their year of freedom—1802. In some respects they have less of a social organization than African savages of to-day.

Their form of government, like that of Mexico, is perfect in its democracy —on paper, infinitely better than we Americans have in our Hamiltonian constitution, but their elections are farces, even more so than in Mexico. In Mexico the President selects certain civilians who must vote as he says, while in Hayti the President confines his voters to his soldiers.

The President of Hayti is an autocrat who uses the resources of the country for his own private aggrandizement, and the only way he is ever deposed is by a forcible revolution organized to install another grafter in his place.

The island exports some 75 million bags of coffee per year, there is an export tax of $4 gold per bag, there is $300,000 of revenue per year in one item alone, but you can go from one end of the island to the other and you cannot see where $30,000 per year is spent, except upon that ridiculous joke, the Haytian army.

Education is largely in the hands of the Catholic Church, but I doubt if any indictment can be found against the church for the backward state of affairs in Hayti, for the negroes seem as immune to the bad influence of priestly superstition as they are immune to influences for good. The only educated white men who ever penetrate the bush of Hayti are the French Dominicans, and while I share with most Socialists a strong prejudice against priestly influence and think it has done untold harm in Italy and Spain and the Philippines, yet I am prepared to admit that the Dominicans are the only leaven now in Hayti. They confessed to me the feeling that their task was a pretty hopeless one, that indeed Hayti was steadily going back.

The Haytians can all read and write pretty well, and may be spoken of as an educated nation, and they certainly have economic freedom. The land will give anyone a living who is willing to scratch it one day in the week and anyone can have land for the ask

ing. There is also no great concentration of wealth, not much wealth to own in fact except land.

No railroads, and no factories using power, except hand power. I saw twenty or more negroes all turning cranks in a factory to separate the seed from the cotton. Labor is worth a dollar a week. The cotton by the way is very superior to our own cotton.

The coffee of Hayti is of excellent quality, but there has not been a plant set out since 1802. The entire coffee crop of Hayti is a volunteer crop from the original planting, and I can't think of a better illustration of the richness of the land and sloth of the negroes than this.

Yes, Haytians have economic freedom, but political freedom in name only; there is no freedom of the press nor of speech. There is not even freedom of the body; everyone is required to be off the streets in the principal cities after 10 o'clock at night. However, this is not such a hardship, for the streets are badly paved and filthy, and there is no such thing as town lighting. The reigning President forbids you the street at night, fearing that you may be hatching a revolution. He lives in a huge palace, guarded like the Czar of Russia.

The politicians who share the Presidential graft do not even have the decency to spend their loot at home. They hie themselves to Paris and never return until their last cent is gone on Parisian maidens and champagne.

Now while I have all this to say about the failure of the Haytian negroes to organize a good government, I wish also to say that Hayti has not only demonstrated how bad the negro political organization is, but she has, on the other hand, also shown me to what heights certain individual negroes may attain when free from social and economic domination.

I had already seen some fine examples of what the West Indian and Guiana negroes may become when educated in England, and who had returned to be lawyers or doctors in the place of their birth, men of distinguished manner and cultivated speech, negroes of a stamp that by no chance do you ever see the like in America, although ours are exactly the same lineage, all being descendants of former slaves. It would surprise many Americans to see what possibilities the negro has in him as exemplified by the negro doctors and other professional men to be seen in British Guiana, but it would surprise them still more to see the best type of negroes in Hayti, negroes whose parents have been wealthy enough to send them to Paris for education. Men highly educated, speaking Spanish and English perfectly, and of course French, for French is the language of Hayti. But it is not the education of these negroes that astonishes, it is the general air they have of men of the world and to the manner born. They show what is the result in never having been in an environment in which the negro was looked down upon as an inferior being. I don't mean that they are objectionable at all in their manner of holding their heads up, they merely stand before the world as a freeman should stand. Of course, there are not many of these flowers, probably not one out of a thousand, but where one can be produced more can be had by proper culture. The ordinary Haytian negro is a dirty ragamuffin who is content to live in a pigstye, but it is by the flowers, both white and black, you must judge the possibilities of the human plant.

The contrast coming from the island of Curaçoa to Hayti is most striking and certainly should upset many of our preconceived ideas as to happiness coming from the privilege of voting.

Curaçoa is owned by the Dutch, and the people upon it have no vote, in fact none of the people in the West Indies, not even in our own Porto Rico have much to say about their own political affairs. The people of Curaçoa are largely negroes, and they are all well housed in good brick structures, much better housed in fact than are most of our American white workingmen and better than any of our black ones. They are well clothed, and well educated, nearly all speaking both Spanish and Dutch. The streets are spotless and the health of the place is remarkable. There is very little chance for cultivation on the island; it's pretty barren, very little rain, so the negroes are nearly all merely hired men; but nevertheless the contrast between them and the ragged, dirty Haytians and their filthy houses was certainly no argument in favor of Democracy for the negro.

In every one of the West Indian islands, which are colonies of the various European nations, the negro is upon a political equality with the white, if there is any difference between men it arises purely from a property qualification, and if a negro can't vote, neither can the white man; but, as said before, there are not many who can vote anyway, white or black, and when they do vote, their voting don't count much, for the home government, by virtue of its power of appointing a majority of the local legislature, dominates the situation.

Hence there is little democracy in these islands, and yet the negro has all the rights that a white man has and both are satisfied, and there is no talk of any race question. Why? Merely because the white man, notwithstanding that he is often in number only five against one hundred, knows that the negro majority cannot ruin him, and on the other hand the negro knows from long experience that he will be given an equal chance with the white man in every sphere of life, business or professional. Both white and black look to the home government for ultimate justice, and they get it too.

The result of all this is that the negro lives in peace and quiet, and those negroes that have the ability have a chance to develop it. The white man gives to the negro his organizing ability, assisted, it is true, by his Home Government, and the result of the combination is that both blacks and whites get about all that can be gotten out of things, as they are under our present competitive system.

If the white man is going to be continually in terror of a negro majority and there is thus to be the continual friction between the two, as seen in our Southern states, then it's better for the negro to have a country for himself like Hayti, as bad as it is, than to go on as we are going in America.

Washington should see that if the negro cannot properly govern a State —and he can't—that he should not be allowed to jeopardize the whole social structure by exercising a franchise he is not fitted for. However, it is absurd to beat around the bush and allow the negro to be illegally disfranchised by dishonest "grandfather" clauses and place him absolutely politically and economically at the mercy of the whites of the South who merely look upon him as a beast of burden. The negro must feel that he has the protection of some power greater than his local State organization, which he rightly considers is a power to crush him rather than protect him. His vote is no use to him anyway, even if he had it, it's simply an article of commerce between the different white political grafters. How to work this plan out without conflicting with our ideals indeed is a problem, but it certainly must be worked out if we ever expect to solve our negro problem of the South before we enter into Socialism.

It must be understood that the plan I propose is merely a reformatory one and has no reference to the status of the negro under Socialism, for I consider that under Socialism, with its organization giving justice and equal political and economic rights to all, the Negro Problem will be no problem at all. We will never hear of any such problem. The Negro Problem is one of the many Problems of Capitalism that will automatically disappear with Socialism.

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Gaylord Wilshire sailed on July 12, on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, for London on a business trip. He will not return until after the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, which he expects to attend.

THE International Congress of the Socialists at Copenhagen on the 28th of the current month of August will be the most important gathering of the kind ever held. Not because new issues are to be decided, but because Socialism itself is so much more an important issue than a few years ago. As a matter of fact Socialist Congresses of to-day in the matured state that Socialism finds itself are more important as forming a meeting place where Socialists may become personally acquainted than for anything else.

The resolutions are bound to be formal and for novelty of little account. There is little or nothing that can be developed along Socialism that is new or original or that will not be already known to the attendants of the Congress, but nevertheless the opportunity afforded for the advancement of the solidarity which comes when men who wish to work together become better acquainted is of great importance.

The difference in language is of course an obstacle to the full attainment of this end, and this is particularly so in reference to the born Americans in attendance, for, generally speaking, Americans are poor linguists. However, as the Socialist Party of America usually sends a number of foreign born men to represent it abroad, to that extent the question of language is solved.

Long life and many happy returns to the International Socialist Congress!

WE Americans are showing some signs of education on one line anyway. We are getting a clearer notion of the why of prostitution.

How short a time ago it was when all our "moral" and religious people looked upon the prostitute as merely a woman who had "abandoned" all the true and right to voluntarily give herself up to a vicious life of pleasure. "She has made her bed, let her lie in it," they would say when someone might suggest pity and rescue for a wrecked soul.

Compare the new term "white slave" with the old one of "sporting girl," and it instantly shows the progress of public knowledge upon prostitution; and yet it must be remembered that while to-day everyone knows what "white slave" means, yet it is only two years ago when Tom Taggart dared to declare he did not know what the phrase meant. Of course he did know, but he also knew that at that time the phrase was not well enough incorporated into our speech to make his plea of ignorance sound absurd as it would to-day.

Socialists who are discouraged at the apparently slow progress of the recognition that the workingman is also really another kind of a white slave should reflect that after an ignorance of ten thousand years almost the entire world has suddenly in a short year or so quite revolutionized its views upon the willingness of women who become prostitutes.

The world do move.

WHILE it is quite true that man does not live by bread alone, it is equally true that he cannot very well live without it, and the question of having a clean, healthy bread supply is of vital importance to the public health. These remarks are in reference to an article and several illustrations elsewhere in this issue, showing how good bread can be made and is made—not as yet, unfortunately, in this country, but in the city of Budapest in Europe. The article is from our special European correspondent and relates how the afore-mentioned city solved the bread-making question within its own limits, by collective ownership and operation of the means of producing bread.

This article is of special interest in view of the present bakers' strike in New York, and the conditions under which the city gets its bread supply. Being left to individual competition, investigation of the strikers' charges have shown a condition of bread production that fully parallels the horrors of the meat-packing industry as described in Sinclair's "Jungle." Unsanitary factories reeking with disease germs and unspeakable filth, bakers worked to the limit of physical endurance, snatching a few moments' sleep on the kneading tables, adulterations too numerous to record, short weights and highest prices for the most inferior product—if the average New Yorker actually knew of the revolting conditions under which his bread is produced, he would at least sympathize with his own stomach, even if he cared nothing for the woes of the wretched journeyman bakers whose miserable conditions have finally forced revolt against inhuman exploitation.

"IF this contemplated prize fight is permitted it will be a moral calamity," said the reformer.

"How do *you* know that Johnson will win?" was the reply of the sport to whom the remark was addressed.

The above is a sample newspaper joke which appeared just before the battle. It illustrates in a most amusing manner the observation that the truth is often spoken in jest. The victory of the black man is a moral calamity, as has been fully recognized by the almost universal suppression of the exhibition of the moving pictures taken at the ring side. It is also a financial calamity for the enterprising but shortsighted gentlemen who purchased the privilege, and now find their anticipated profits reduced to the vanishing point. They overlooked the moral calamity involved in the victory of the negro.

Had Mr. Johnson been pounded into insensibility by Mr. Jeffries, morality would not have been endangered to any appreciable extent. The pulpit protests against the exhibition of the pictures would have been as futile as they were against pulling off the fight. It is a gladsome spectacle for the general public to behold the slaughter of a negro by a white man, and a depressing one when the contrary occurs. So in regard to Mr. Johnson's victory, public morality finds itself for once in accord with public opinion, and the moving pictures are sternly prohibited. The fact that it was neither able nor willing to deal with the substance, in no way prevents it from dealing summarily with the shadow.

In a certain sense it may be said that the cause of public morality was ably upheld and assisted by Mr. Johnson's physical prowess, but he can hardly expect to receive the thanks of a grateful public for his efforts in this direction. While we are without doubt a moral people, we don't like to have our morality thrust upon us—especially at the hands of a colored brother—but in such case it is both politic and expedient to make a virtue of necessity.

WHAT a difference the word "home" signifies to us of to-day to what it did to us of twenty-five years ago when the New York Court of Appeals said in pronouncing a tenement house bill unconstitutional: "It cannot be perceived how the cigar-maker is to be improved in his health or his morals by forcing him from his home, with its hallowed associations and its beneficent influence, to ply his trade elsewhere."

Of course to us Socialists of twenty-five years ago, referring to a crowded tenement house reeking with tobacco dust, and the whole family from the baby of four to the grandmother, crowded in kitchen and bedrooms making cigars, the happy home with its "hallowed associations" was a grisly joke, but the general public of that day swallowed it well enough and the New York Supreme Court of 1885 no doubt thought it was making not only a legal, but a moral decision.

The ways of life of all classes of to-day have destroyed the home. The rich man has abandoned his home for an automobile by day and a hotel by night. The poor man has abandoned his home either to make a cigar factory of it as the law and necessity directs, or to tramp from town to town seeking a new job.

The flag follows trade and so does the workingman and his family. The father goes to the foundry, the wife to the cotton mill, and the children to the shop. "Hallowed associations" are at times somewhat mussed up in transportation between being carried around by the rich in automobiles and the poor on brake-beams. However, the constitution is still revered.

AFTER a connection of three years with the wealthy and aristocratic Church of the Ascension in New York City, Alexander Irvine, a well known Socialist preacher, who, during that time used its pulpit as a medium for Socialistic sermons, has been removed from his position by the vestry, for the reason that "the public was beginning to look on the Church of the Ascension as the Socialist Church," and considering this as a "harmful advertisement" they took steps to stop it.

Commenting on this action, the *Literary Digest* declares that "naturally, the action of the vestry is roundly denounced by the radical papers. But," it continues, "the more conservative press generally takes the view that the church has the right and obligation to decide who shall speak from its pulpit and what shall be the nature of his discourse."

WILSHIRE'S is a radical paper to the extent of being avowedly and uncompromisingly Socialist, but in this case, if the remark of the *Digest* is true, it forms the exception. When the thing that is both probable and expected has occurred, denunciation is both foolish and futile. We no more deny the right of the Ascensionists to dispense with Mr. Irvine's services than we would deny the right of the Socialist Party to cast out a speaker who was using its platform for the spread of ideas contrary to Socialism. And we see nothing particularly "conservative" in avowing such an opinion either.

Comrade Irvine did good service for the Socialist cause during his three years' incumbency of that pulpit, and while we regret that he could not manage to hold on for three years more and still another three, we have no hostile criticism for the vestry that considered his work a harmful advertisement. From their standpoint it was a natural enough conclusion, though from ours we consider it an excellent advertisement for Socialism.

In actual warfare it sometimes happens that a temporary position is captured from the enemy and used against him while it can be occupied, but if the enemy recaptures it, he is not for that reason denounced. Analogous instances occur in the class war, and the same logic applies to both. Let us clear our minds of cant.

FOLLOWING the evolution of all other Roman Catholic countries of Europe, Spain, that less than a year ago murdered the schoolmaster Ferrer, has now developed a definite anti-clerical element, which already dictates the policy of the government and is vigorously pushing that inevitable rupture between Church and State which has marked the history of France, Italy, Austria, Belgium and other countries where the Church of Rome once exercised a predominating power.

And just as in other countries, these so-called "progressive elements" in Spain who are waging war with the church are by no means Socialist or even Republican in regard to ideas and policies. On the contrary, it is in the main the modern rising capitalist bourgeois element in Spain, as it has been everywhere else, that first finds itself involved in an unavoidable conflict with the Papacy. As yet, the Socialists of Spain are extremely weak, both politically and numerically, having but one representative in the Spanish Cortes.

However, the Church is not altogether wrong in leaving the impression that anti-clericalism and Socialism in Europe are identical. In so doing she has an eye to the future rather than the present, perceiving correctly enough that the process of the conflict leads ultimately to Socialism. It is the same perception which leads the Socialist to insist that Socialism can appear and develop only through the appearance and development of modern capitalistic production. And in Spain just now it is the growth of this mode of production that has primarily and finally precipitated the conflict with the church. The protests of the capitalistic manufacturers against the industrial competition of the religious establishments in Spain is merely one of the many proofs of this statement. These manufacturers are anti-clerical to a man.

What the Church is now opposing is the evolution of modern capitalism. Neither party have any choice in the matter, nor is the result in any way doubtful. Economic development can neither be stopped nor stayed by clerical opposition, whether in its early stage of capitalistic production or in the later stage of Socialism.

FROM Germany comes the news that a daily paper with a capitalization of one million dollars is to be started immediately, its avowed object being to combat Socialism, which it is feared will sweep the empire in the coming election. Behind the venture is Prince von Fuerstenberg, a millionaire crony of the Kaiser, who is also said to be deeply interested in the success of the publication. The annual expense of the organ is estimated at $450,000, and all the great capitalistic interests of the country have promised generous support in the way of advertisements.

If we remember rightly, the Kaiser in the election of 1903 used a similar device, being instrumental in the launching of a daily organ with a high-sounding Imperial title which we cannot now recall, as it only lived until election day, when the Socialists increased their vote from 2,100,000 to over 3,000,000. It is evident, therefore, that the Kaiser and his advisers desire to give history a chance to repeat herself at the coming election, the best posted German Socialists confidently predicting an increase in the vote next year from 4,500,000 to 6,000,000, as the propaganda is at present making tremendous strides among the rural population.

It is not stupidity but rather that no other means can be devised, that dictates the use of a weapon that has so signally failed on previous occasions. Germany has practically tried everything possible, from suppression to concession, to stay the onward march of Socialism, and everything has been in vain. Rich rewards await the man or men who can devise some new and untried method of combatting the pest, which the Kaiser took in hand twenty years ago when he deposed Prince Bismarck for incompetence in this matter and has since steadily demonstrated his own.

The "mailed fist" method being clearly impracticable, the Kaiser is now reduced to the last desperate expedient to stave off dissolution by throwing Imperial paper wads at his rebellious subjects.

The new King of England, it is said, has no democratic traits, but this doesn't mean that he can't acquire them if a large and gullible section of the populace insist that he be endowed that way. The resources of journalism in this respect are practically inexhaustible.

The Indignant Subscriber

A Comedy By UPTON SINCLAIR

CHARACTERS:

APPLETON MELVIL: Editor-in-chief of the Metropolitan "Leader."

MR. JONES: The Indignant Subscriber.

SCENE: *A private lake upon the estate of Theophrastus Gobble, the Railroad King.*

TIME: *A summer afternoon.*

From right to left extends a grassy bank. At left is the boat-house, a corner of the dock being visible, with a boat tied to it. The "boat" is composed of two arm-chairs, facing each other, with a board about six feet long fastened under the seats and connecting them. There is a cross-stick about three feet long, with two loops of cord, which serve as rowlocks for the oars, which are brooms.

AT RISE: *Melvil, a stout and imposing personage in a frock coat and silk hat, strolls along.*

MELVIL. So this is Gobble's lake! Well, well! Quite a piece of work! It must be nearly a mile wide. (*He gazes right.*) Who's this?

JONES (*pleasant-faced, middle-aged man, enters right*). Good afternoon.

MELVIL. Good afternoon.

JONES. Isn't this Mr. Melvil?

MELVIL. It is.

JONES. Mr. Melvil, the editor of the Metropolitan "Leader"?

MELVIL. The same.

JONES. I thought I recognized you. I am one of Mr. Gobble's guests. My name is Jones.

MELVIL (*with stately bow*). I am pleased to meet you.

JONES. I was told that you were coming down to-day, and I was very much interested. I have been a subscriber to the "Leader" for many years.

MELVIL. Ah, indeed!

JONES. I thought I was the first of the guests to arrive.

MELVIL. I came before lunch.

JONES. Oh, I see. That accounts for it. Beautiful weather we are having, is it not?

MELVIL. Yes; we are very fortunate.

JONES. A fine lake, isn't it? And to think that once it was a cranberry bog! I can remember it all very well.

MELVIL. You have known Mr. Gobble a long time, then?

JONES. Oh, yes! I was a classmate of his son's in college, you know.

MELVIL. Oh, I see.

JONES. Have you been on the lake yet?

MELVIL. No; not yet.

JONES. Wouldn't you like to take a row and see the scenery?

MELVIL (*hesitating*). I don't know——

JONES. Come ahead. We have plenty of time.

MELVIL (*taking out his watch*). What time——

JONES. We have two hours before dinner. I'll show you the caves.

MELVIL. Caves?

JONES. Yes; didn't you know there were caves? Come—here's a boat! (*Goes left and carries on the "boat," Melvil assisting.*) All ready, now. (*Steps into boat and takes oars.*)

MELVIL (*gets into boat very gingerly, and with much fuss*). Careful, now. Ah! Hold fast there. That's it. Give me that other cushion there.

JONES. All comfortable?

MELVIL. All right, I guess. I don't often go rowing nowadays.

JONES. No; I suppose the vast responsibilities of a paper like the "Leader"—extraordinary paper! Push off. (*He rows.*) Ah! there's no exercise like rowing.

MELVIL. I used to be very fond of it.

JONES (*rowing*). This boat goes like a canoe! Light as a feather!

MELVIL. It seems very light. Are you sure it's safe?

JONES. Oh, have no fear. I'll take care of you. And besides, this lake is nowhere over five feet deep.

MELVIL. Is that so?

JONES. Yes; it was carefully made so that no one could be drowned in it.

MELVIL. Very interesting; but even so, I'm not dressed for a bath.

JONES. No; I suppose not. Don't you swim?

MELVIL. I'm sorry to have to confess that I don't.

JONES. Not a stroke?

MELVIL. No; not one.

JONES. Too bad! But we won't try to learn to-day. The water is quite cool!

MELVIL (*touching it with his hand*). I should say so!

JONES. Observe that view, Mr. Melvil. I should think that we were now just about in the center of the lake.

MELVIL. Just about.

JONES. Nearly half a mile from either shore. This would be a particularly unpleasant place to capsize.

MELVIL. I should say so!

JONES (*leans down and begins to take off his shoes*). I think I had best be prepared.

MELVIL. What are you doing?

JONES. I'm taking off my shoes.

MELVIL (*in amazement*). What for?

JONES. It would be hard walking ashore, for the bottom's muddy. And it's well to be on the safe side—you never can tell, you know, when you are out in a small boat.

MELVIL. But, my dear sir——

JONES (*sitting up*). There. That's all right.

MELVIL. But——

JONES (*rises in the boat, lifting an oar in each hand*). Now, then!

MELVIL (*in terror*). What! Be careful!

JONES. Sit still! (*Hurls one of the oars off left. A loud splash is heard.*)

MELVIL. My God!

JONES (*sternly*). Keep still! Do you want to upset the boat? (*Poises the other oar.*) Heave ho! (*Hurls it.*) Now then!

MELVIL. Why! Why!

JONES. Sit down, sir.

MELVIL. What have you done?

JONES. Can't you see? I've thrown the oars out into the lake.

MELVIL. But—but why?

JONES. So that we can't row any more. I want to have a talk with you.

MELVIL. Good God!

JONES (*coolly*). Don't be profane; and above all don't jump round in the boat like that, for you are very heavy and the boat is light.

MELVIL. What do you mean, sir? What——

JONES. I'll be very glad to explain if you'll keep quiet a while. (*Takes out cigarette and proceeds to light it.*) Do you smoke?

MELVIL (*gazing about in terror*). What is the meaning——

JONES (*puffing at the cigarette*). In the first place, Mr. Melvil, I have to make it clear to you that the story I told you is a pure fabrication. My name is not Jones, and I am not a guest at the great Mr. Gobble's week-end party.

MELVIL (*aghast*). Oh!

JONES. I never laid eyes on Gobble, so far as I know; and if I did, it would probably take a deputy-sheriff to keep me from jumping on him. But I heard you were coming down here, and I happened to recognize you. And suddenly the thing flashed over me. It was my chance! And—as you see—I have taken it.

MELVIL (*staring wildly*). But why? What—— (*Glances behind him.*)

JONES. You are getting ready to shout for help, I perceive. Let us be clear on one point at once. I have brought you out here, Mr. Melvil, because I want to talk to you, and I want to be beyond the possibility of interruption. Beyond the talking, I don't mean you any harm, and you have absolutely nothing to fear. But as far as the talk is concerned, *that* I am determined to have. You will observe that I have the drop on you. You can't swim a stroke, and I am an expert. You are not prepared for a bath, and the water is cold. And I tell you that if you make any outcry, or raise a disturbance in any way, over goes the boat, and I swim ashore, and you are left standing in the mud until the boatman comes out for you!

MELVIL. Villain!

JONES. Nor can you hope to be revenged upon me. I can get to that shore before any boat can overtake me! and even if I were caught, I have committed no offence. You entered the boat of your own free will; and I have a perfect right to throw oars into a lake—at least I never heard of any law against it. No doubt it might be made against the law for this occasion—I have observed that the Supreme Court is willing to make any kind of law to oblige your eminent friend, Mr. Gobble. But even granting that—consider what a plight you would be in when this story got out—consider what your deadly rival, the "Daily Star," would make of such an opportunity! If you will think it over calmly a while, you will see that it is very much better for you to swallow your pride, and listen to what I have to say to you.

MELVIL. Are you a madman?

JONES. No; not precisely. But in this matter I am a very desperate man, I assure you.

MELVIL (*gasping*). What—what do you want to say?

JONES. I can explain it in a word, Mr. Melvil. You will understand when I tell you that I am one of the subscribers of the Metropolitan "Leader."

MELVIL. Oh! (*His jaw falls.*)

JONES. Ah! You begin to see! You have had many talks with me, Mr. Melvil! For not less than twelve years I have listened to your ideas—I have listened in silence and helpless protest while you expounded your views upon every subject on the face of God's earth, from the destiny of the human race to the

price of pork in the Sandwich Islands. And now, Mr. Melvil, editor-in-chief of the Metropolitan "Leader"—the worm has turned. For a brief half hour you are going to listen to me! You are going to learn my ideas upon just one subject—upon yourself, and the respectable and conservative newspaper of which you are the editor and proprietor!

MELVIL. Well, I'll be damned!

JONES. Did you think, Mr. Melvil, that you would never have to pay for it? That vengeance would never seek you out? Do you think that a subscriber has no rights whatever?

MELVIL. But my dear man! You don't have to read my paper!

JONES. An obvious statement—and yet a falsehood—like everything else that you write! I am a civilized man, and I have to read a newspaper. Your paper is edited in the interests of Gobble, the Railroad King. If I don't like that, I can read the paper of Grab, the franchise pirate. Or there is Smith, who wants a cabinet position, or Brown, who wants to be president, or Robinson, who wants to get his daughters into Society. I can take my choice; but, in any case, what I have to rea is the opinions of a bag of money, and not of a man.

MELVIL. Why don't you start a paper of your own?

JONES. A question, Mr. Melvil, that is a sneer! What chance have I to start a paper while you have your feet in the trough? You publish the advertisements of the department stores, and they pay you a small fortune for it. If I had a paper I should tell about their girl-slaves, and the starvation wages they pay them; and do you think that I would get the advertising? You stand in with the political machine, and all its iniquities; and so you get all the city advertising. I should defend the interests of the public; and do you think that I would get it? And without this money how should I be able to hire the clever writers whom you have trained to serve your interests? What chance should I have against their ridicule, their misrepresentations, their caricatures? No, no! I am powerless! I can only read, and writhe and suffer! Power and ownership—the right to express yourself—the right to be heard, and to be believed, and to influence the world—these are yours! And I—I am the public—I have but one right—the right to pay! To pay—do you hear me? For of course it's not only my opinions that are mocked—it is my pocketbook that is robbed! I am not one of the rich and comfortable, who can take it out of other people; I am one of those unhappy men who have to make ends meet on a salary! And these Wall Street robbers that you defend—it is *my* money that they are reaping in! They raise the price of products—it is *I* who pay! They water stocks, and unload them on the market—it is *I* who buy them! And then I said to myself: I will buy no more—I will put my money in bank. And then came the panic—and I found that they had my money anyway! I had paid once more! . . . Do you understand all that?

MELVIL. Yes. You have been very unfortunate——

JONES. Unfortunate! I have been like everybody else in the country— the only difference is that I know it. I know how I am robbed. You and your class—you own the machines and the railroads and the banks—you own the political parties, the legislatures and the courts—you own the newspapers and public opinion—and you sit on top—watchful and greedy—guarding your pile! Your pile, I call it—the accumulation of all the injustice of the ages. Wealth that you and your class have acquired by knavery and cunning, by bribery and fraud, by every form of economic violence and cruelty! by the buying of franchises and public privileges, by watering stocks and misrepresenting values, by rebates and midnight tariffs, by adulterating products, by cornering markets, by beating down wages and screwing up prices! And all this mass of villany and deception—it has been converted into Standard Securities, and made sacred and respectable! It has become "vested interests," which you cannot attack without wronging the widows and orphans! It has become private property, which the constitution of the land exists to protect! And you who own it, you the heirs of privilege—you want nothing in all the world save to be let alone with it! You are sleepless and alert, watching jealously for the least sign of protest—for the least sign of awakening, of a stirring of the patient people; for anything sincere, anything vital, anything with a promise for the future! You have enslaved all the talent of the race and corrupted it—taught it to destroy its own hopes and powers, like some greedy animal which devours its own young. You have raised a new school of writers, who know only how to ridicule and sneer, to caricature and defame! You have made it your task to crush out progress, to frustrate and to torture the lovers of excellence! You go through the world like some huge monster of the jungle, trampling the fair flowers beneath your feet! You are a butcher of the ideal, an assassin of hope, a murderer of the future of humanity!

MELVIL (*purple with rage, rising in his seat*). Infamous wretch!

JONES (*shouting*). Sit down! Sit down! (*Shakes boat.*)

MELVIL (*collapsing in terror*). Stop! Stop!

JONES. Very well, then! Keep still, and take your medicine! It hurts you, I've no doubt—you never had anyone tell you the truth before! You are used to living with the rich, whose tool and creature you are! You are used to making speeches at their banquets; to being told that you are a great thinker—a leader of public opinion, and all the rest! But now you are hearing the opinion, not of a vested interest, but of a *man!* (*With sudden intensity.*) Tell me! Did you think that you could escape forever? That you would not be haunted by all these murdered dreams? That you could go on to crush out the aspirations of the race, and not somehow be punished? Do you think that our visions have no right to live? The dreams of inventors and poets and prophets of the new time that is to be? Has a man no rights in the world of ideas—to the things that are the most precious in life to him?

If I sandbag you and take your purse, you have me put to jail; but you destroy my reputation and my credit and my influence, and there is no punishment for you! A writer with a new vision of justice—a statesman with a new call to action—you set all your bloodhounds upon him! You misquote his words, you misrepresent his motives, you caricature his appearance—you prey upon him—you blast his life! I could tell you the names of men whom you have ruined—whom you have driven to despair and death! And I tell you that the power to do such things must be ended—the world will not forever be exposed to the fury of such blind monsters of greed and hatred as you predatory journalists——

MELVIL (*fuming*). Impudent wretch.

JONES. Yes! Sit there and rage! That is what I brought you here for! Where you must sit and listen, whether you like it or not—where the other fellow does all the talking, and the truth is what he chooses shall be believed! Don't you see that that is my position? Exactly that! For twelve long years of agony I have had to occupy it; and to-morrow I must go back to it again—and you will be master again, able to say whatever you please!

MELVIL (*with a sigh*). Ah!

JONES. *Yes!* You hadn't thought of that! But don't deceive yourself, it will never be the same. You will have the memory to haunt you! For once you have heard the truth—you have seen yourself as you are! And it will stay with you—you will not forget it! And when you recall it, it will be for a symbol to you; the truth is out—you cannot pen it up, try as you would! The world is coming to see through your sham respectabilities—you cannot hold back the tide of humanity forever! You think, perhaps, that I am a solitary madman; but I tell you that I am only one of thousands and tens of thousands who have found out the secret of their miseries, and have set themselves to teach their fellow men! We have begun our attack upon your fortress of iniquity—and never will we rest while one of its stones is left upon another. For we Socialists——

MELVIL. (*upon whom a great light has been breaking*). Oh!

JONES. Hey?

MELVIL. I see!

JONES. What do you see?

MELVIL. You are a Socialist!

JONES. Yes! A Socialist!

MELVIL (*with profound relief*). That accounts for it!

JONES. Yes! That accounts for it! You've given me a name now, and you're satisfied! You're back in your editorial sanctum—you know just what to say—just what to think! A Utopian dreamer! A fantastic visionary! An apostle of discontent! You've got us classified and pigeon-holed—you know exactly where to look for us. And every reader of your paper knows what to think about us before we open our lips—knows how to answer our arguments without hearing a word of them. That's the sort of a work your masters pay you to do! To cast a spell over us—to make us into a byword and a jest—so that every loafer on the street-corner and every clown in the drawing-room is ready with a sneer when we are named. That is the outrage we have to bear from you—we the heralds of the coming civilization! Fifty years from now men will look back and wonder how the very children in your nurseries could fail to see the truth of all our claims; will wonder by what black magic this free democracy was ever broken to the yoke of Mammon! But you—you are the magician! You who own the sources of information—who decree what the people shall know and what they shall think—who invent the catch words and shibboleths, who pollute the river of public sentiment at its source! (*A pause. He gazes at Melvil intently.*) You think that is strong language, don't you?

MELVIL. I do.

JONES (*with sudden interest*). See here, man! Am I to understand that you think you really believe what you print in your editorials in the "Leader"?

MELVIL. Of course I do!

JONES. And you consider yourself a respectable citizen, guiltless of all crime?

MELVIL. Of course I do!

JONES. And "The Leader" has supported Tammany Hall! You have defended its ticket at the last two elections, and urged the people to vote for it! And you

have lived in the City of New York—you have looked into the faces of those millions of wretched wage-slaves—pent up in filthy tenements—condemned for life to poverty and ignorance, to misery and drunkenness and despair! And all the powers of evil that prey upon them—the saloon-keepers who wish to keep the pennies of the fathers, the brothel-keepers, who wish to trap the daughters, the pool-sellers who set snares for the sons—all these are banded together, and their name is Tammany Hall! Every thug and every thief—every savage and every seducer in the whole vast city is behind that organization. And there is the district leader, with his campaign funds, there is the ballot-box stuffer and the plug-ugly, there is the policeman with his club to pound the people into submission—and last of all, but not the least, there are the so-called respectable, conservative newspapers of the Metropolis!

MELVIL. You misrepresent——

JONES. I know! I know! Tammany Hall does not get the support of the "Leader" because of any of these things; the vice interests and the saloons don't advertise in your paper, and they don't own any of the stock. Your nigger's in another part of the wood-pile. The organization didn't get your support until it began to give away franchises to your fat friend, Gobble. And nowadays your fat friend Gobble contributes most of the campaign funds—and thus adds his rivets to the chains which bind down the miserable population! And you can sell your services for such a price, and not feel the blood-guilt upon your soul! And have never a pang for the wretched women who are pent up to-night in ten thousand brothels, and driven to sell their bodies for the wherewithal to keep alive! And never even dream that it is you, and your great newspaper, which has consigned them to that slavery! Your own daughters are virtuous and beautiful and serene—they have had every advantage that women can have. I saw the other day that one of them was married—to a rich man; I read out the wedding ceremony—you had dressed her in a beautiful bridal-robe—and you did not know that it was stained with the tears of those women whom you had sold into slavery—that it was red and horrible with the blood of little children whom you have pent up in sweatshops and factories to toil until they die!

MELVIL. Stop! Wretch!

JONES (*furiously*). You will go in there to the mansion of Gobble to-night, and devour the flesh of those sweatshop children! You will go to the homes of those rich, turtle-fed merchants who are your advertisers, and you will pick the bones of the starving girls who slave for them at a salary of three dollars a week and not a day of vacation the whole year round! You will sit in your clubs with the great bankers, the wreckers of public credit, the men who will plunge a whole nation into misery in their frantic struggles for gain! That is what you do—that is what you are—you eminent citizen—maker of public opinion—you apologist of knavery and greed!

MELVIL. Oh! Oh!

JONES. Yes; rage, fume, storm as you will—but it is true! And you know it, and you will never forget it! It will stay with you till the day you die!

MELVIL (*desperately*). Stop! Stop! I won't listen!——

JONES. Yes, you will! You will! Coward that you are!

MELVIL (*sinking back*). Go on! Go on! Say it out and have it over with!

JONES (*wildly*). Yes! Have it over with, and then let you go! Let you get ashore and go back to your office and take up the old rôle of Jupiter upon a pyramid! To punish me with new sneers and new jibes! To seek out new ways of hampering progress, of scoffing at justice! To pour out new venom—no! no! You shall not! A thousand times no—you shall not! Do you understand me? I say you shall not! (*Starts up.*)

MELVIL (*in terror*). No! Stop! I won't. I'll be good! Oh——

JONES (*overturns the boat*). Into the water with you!

MELVIL (*going under*). Blub—blub!

JONES (*emerging*). Ha! Ha!

MELVIL (*emerging*). Help! Murder!

JONES. Now, wade through the mud!

MELVIL (*seizing hold of the boat, which turns as he clutches it*). Help! Help!

JONES (*swimming off easily*). Ha! Ha! Ha!

(CURTAIN.)

Slush from the Atlantic

IT'S strange how a man can state his facts so intelligently as does a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and yet draw inferences so utterly impotent.

"John Dutton" is his "economic man," and of him the writer says:

He is chiefly concerned in the rearing of his family, the education of his children, and the attempt to make ends meet. To the casual observer, Dutton with his twelve hundred and eighty dollars per annum seems a fortunate individual, especially in view of the fact that the average income of other laborers in the United States is only about six hundred and forty dollars. Indeed, up to 1897, or a year or two thereafter, Dutton regarded himself as one of the successful minority in the struggle for a living; but since that time his difficulties have grown even more rapidly than the additional expense of rearing three growing children would seem to warrant. His family account books show that he now receives twenty per cent. more salary than in 1897; but against this, his annual supply of food now costs about $550, as compared with $385 then, his rent has advanced from $168 to $240; his expense for clothing from $150 to $180, and the cost of his fuel from $56 to $52.

It may be seen at a glance that his total expense for these four main necessities amounts to about $1,032 now, as compared with $759 then, while his income has increased only from $1.075 to $1,280. He therefore has a balance of about $248 with which to cover his entire expenditure for lighting, insurance, the fees due to his union, furniture and utensils for his house, books and papers, education, amusements, sickness, and other incidentals; and this compares unfavorably with a surplus of $316 twelve years ago. Hence it becomes constantly clearer to him that his ambition to educate his children and improve his home can result in nothing but disappointment; and as commodity prices rise from month to month, living for him must be reduced more and more to the basis of bare existence.

Now this is all good stuff and the natural inference would seem to be that Mr. Swift, the author, would wind up with some tangible explanation of causes and suggest a remedy equally tangible. But what do we find? This is his lame conclusion:

Capital, unlike wages and salaries, reproduces itself through the drawing of interest, and in consequence, capitalists tend to come more and more into the possession of all business property and all wealth-producing agencies. As the power of the capitalist thus expands, his control over salaries and wages increases correspondingly, and whenever business depressions or the varying fortunes of trade endanger either profits or wages, his human instinct impels him to protect profits. Thus wages tend to fall lower and lower, as compared with incomes; and the recipients of wages and salaries are dependent in a large degree upon legislative relief measures, such as the checking of immigration, the readjustment of taxes, and the revision of the tariff in favor of the consumer. Hence, while the natural evolution of our industrial and social life may solve the cost-problem of the income-receiving classes, the financial problem of John Dutton and his fellows requires something more—a greaer spirit of fairness and brotherhood—a greater spirit of fairness and brother-

Joy of activity, joy of fame, might play on the healthful, service—these are the joys that joy of achievement, and joy of eager, sensitive organism and draw it into a due share in the great labor of the world. And it is claimed that they will not be sufficient under Socialism; that the fear of starvation must be added, or men, undeterred by vacant days or the pitying scorn of their fellows, will yield themselves to luxurious indolence, because, forsooth, they know that society will treat them kindly, as it would treat a stray cat, and will give them shelter and food! Such a contention is false to all faith in our common humanity; more than this, it is false to the facts of human experience.

Professor Vida Scudder (Wellesley College), Socialism and Spiritual Progress, p. 13.

It seems to me that if he sees that John Dutton is getting poorer and poorer under the present system, and that the capitalist is getting "more and more into the possession of all business enterprises," that Mr. Swift might have suggested that the only way Dutton could get richer was by introducing a system by which he himself, instead of the capitalist, could get into the possession of business enterprises. How about "Let The Nation Own The Trusts"?

Long-Distance Information

The old saying that "A rolling stone gathers no moss" may be applied to the brain as well as to the body. It may be advantageous to know the courses of the stars, but of what practical value is such information if the common things of one's individual region remain unstudied? Mark Twain says, "It is bad to get into a rut, but it is worse to wabble all over the road." Such truth is borne home to the reader of S. Baring-Gould's experience, told in "A Book of the West." The author was with an inspector who was examining the schools of Devonshire.

"What form is that?" asked the inspector.

"Dodecahedron, sir," replied the children.

"And that?"

"Isosceles triangle."

"What is the highest peak in Africa?"

"Kilimanjaro."

"What is its height?"

"Twenty thousand feet."

"What rivers drain Siberia?"

"Obi, Yenesei, Lena."

Here I asked permission to ask a few questions. On my way to the school I had plucked a little bunch of speedwell.

"Would you mind inquiring of the children its name?" I asked.

Not a child knew.

"What is the river which flows through the valley?"

Not a child knew.

"What is the name of the highest peak of Dartmoor which you see yonder?"

Not a child knew.

The children acquired many new words which they mispronounced and did not understand, but which they liked to use.

"Isn't it hot?" said one pupil. "The prepositions be running all over me."

"Aye," was the reply. "But you be no scollard. I be breaking out wi' presbyterians."—*Youth's Companion.*

Municipal gas, street railway and electric supply departments of the English city of Birmingham show an annual profit this year of $562,845, an increase of $23,242 over the previous year. At the same time the hours of street car employees have been considerably shortened and their wages increased by $38,932 during the year. The net profit of the street railroads of the city was over $160,000. While the price of gas has been reduced to 47 cents per thousand from 74½ cents in 1875, the department still showed a profit of $352.787, besides contributing about $75,000 for other city purposes.

Those Disagreeable Socialists

HAVE you ever heard the phrase "pernicious activity" applied to the work of the Socialists? If you are a reader of any of the ordinary daily papers you can hardly have missed it.

Have you ever heard Socialists described as narrow-minded, bigoted and fanatical? It is a common statement and so frequent that it can hardly escape the notice of people of ordinary powers of observation.

Or, have you ever listened to the Socialist speaker on the street corner or the lecture hall? Have you noticed how positive he is, how confidently he makes his assertions? How aggressive his attitude, as if there were no answer possible when he lays down the law?

And the ordinary Socialist who is neither speaker nor writer, but who hustles in various other ways: Have you observed how tireless he is in pushing his leaflets and pamphlets on a usually unwilling or indifferent public? How on every possible occasion he turns the conversation in the direction of Socialism? How he urges all and sundry to subscribe to some Socialist paper? How he keeps this up year in and year out until in his neighborhood his peculiarities are everywhere recognized?

If you have observed these things, without thinking very much of the reasons why, it is the most natural conclusion in the world that the Socialist is fanatical, intolerant, aggressive, narrow-minded, and an insufferable and insuppressible nuisance.

Let us grant that this point of view is apparently justified by appearances. Yet before these men became Socialists they had no such characteristics. Now the real question is: What is there in Socialism to change in this manner the conduct of people who are affected by it.

You will find the answer in the article placed in the center of this page. Read it. You will find there all the confidence, positiveness, aggressiveness and assertiveness that characterize the typical Socialist.

And the reason for this attitude is simply that the Socialist intensely believes he has an unanswerable argument.

Most men who believe they hold an unassailable position on what they consider a vital subject will take a similar attitude in spreading abroad their views. In this matter Socialists are exactly like the majority of people.

Note the challenge contained in this extract. It doesn't call upon the reader to believe; it doesn't urge him or plead with him to accept Socialism; it doesn't speak of what the producers "should do" or "ought to do." It says "must" and "will" instead. It calls for an answer; challenges the reader to answer; and declares bluntly that no answer in rebuttal is possible.

And the most that has been done in the way of an alleged answer has been abuse of the Socialists, the calling of vile names and preferment of absurd charges, with predictions of the disaster that would ensue if their ideas were realized. That, and nothing more.

The fact is that these fundamental positions and the conclusions the Socialist draws from them are never denied by the opponents of Socialism, and it is this that explains the confidence and positiveness of the Socialist. His alleged fanaticism, harshness and general disagreeable qualities are due to the other fact that the ordinary anti-Socialist policy is to simply ignore their existence altogether as the base of an argument of any kind. The Socialist would be more than human if he were not irritated and exasperated by the deliberate dodging of what he considers a self-evident proposition. Such a policy, while it irritates him, at the same time increasingly confirms his belief in the correctness of his position. He feels like a person trying to convince a particularly tricky or obstinate individual that two and two make four and getting nothing but abuse as a substitute for either assent or dissent.

Next time you hear the personal characteristics of these people disparaged, just bear in mind how the outlook must appear to them, and try to place yourself in their position for that purpose. By understanding something of "human nature," as manifested in the personal characteristics of the Socialist agitator, you may come to comprehend in time the argument he advances.

Don't regard the Socialist as an intellectual bruiser, eager to entice you into combat so that he may publicly humiliate you and glory in your defeat. That is merely a deceptive appearance. His real object is far otherwise. Remember that in private conversation he will talk to you in much the same strain that he addresses the public. He will put up precisely the same argument. Far from desiring any victory over you, he wants you to help win a victory for you both and all the producing classes, whose poverty and wretchedness are clearly due to the fact that, as the article says, they have "no opportunity to produce, or because what they produce is taken from them."

And when you have absorbed that fact, and the logic inexorably derived from it gets into your brain and stimulates you to action, you will gradually appear—to the outside world and your non-Socialist friends—exactly what you now believe the Socialist to be—a disagreeable, harsh and persistent character with a horribly impudent cock-sureness and confidence in

THE ARGUMENT FOR SOCIALISM

NO ONE EVER ANSWERED THIS.

(*From Chicago Daily Socialist.*)

Here is the argument for Socialism. Read it. Study it. Tell it to the enemies of Socialism. The man who can answer it has awaiting him rewards greater than man has ever known before. He who answers this will save the wealth of the world to those who own most of it to-day, and all that they have will they give to retain the power by which they obtained and now retain their gains.

The machines of to-day make it possible to produce enough to satisfy every want. The only reason any one is in want is because he has no opportunity to produce or because what he produces is taken from him. There can be no other reason.

Men who are able to produce wealth are prevented from doing so to-day because the instruments of production are owned by non-producers. The owners will not permit their property to be used unless it produces a profit.

The number of those who own the things with which wealth is produced is growing fewer. The number of those who own nothing and produce all is growing greater. Already the producers are many times more numerous than the owners.

The producers will not forever stand and suffer and starve in the midst of plenty, while debarred from the gifts of nature and the powers of production only by the man-made laws of private property. Some day the workers will demand that they, instead of the idle owners, shall own the earth and enjoy the fruits which their toil creates.

The laborers cannot own the complex machines of modern industry individually. Each motorman cannot own a car. Each butcher cannot own a brick in a slaughter house.

They must own the instruments of production collectively.

To get that ownership they must capture the government and change the laws of property. When they capture the government they will use it as a means of procuring and operating the collectively owned means for the production of wealth.

That government, having been captured by labor, will be democratically managed in the interest of labor.

That will be Socialism.

Find a flaw in that logic if you can. If you cannot you are a Socialist, if you are honest with yourself.

Andrew Carnegie, Optimist

"THE world generally is all right. I am happy and feel good. Pittsburg is all right too."

That's a good way to feel, gentle reader. Everybody should feel that way. It's the way Mr. Andrew Carnegie feels. That is what he told the reporters on May 4 last as he was stepping aboard the "Adriatic" bound Skibo-ward, and they in turn told it to "the world."

Of course the world is generally all right. As is its usual custom it still turns on its axis regularly every twenty-four hours, encircles the sun once every year, and the astronomers assure us that the tail of Halley's comet has not done it any particular harm.

But of course Mr. Carnegie didn't refer to the world in that sense. He really meant the people on it instead. And of course his mention of Pittsburg is somewhat superfluous, for if the people of the world are all right that includes the people of Pittsburg also.

Now it is a very important and desirable thing to know for certain that the world is generally all right. If we all knew that as well as Mr. Carnegie, it follows that we would all be happy as he is and feel as good as he does. And there is nothing more desirable than universal human happiness. However, in Mr. Carnegie's cheerful statement there is a doubtful element which he hasn't explained and which he leaves us to find out for ourselves.

He doesn't say whether he is happy and feels good because the world is generally all right, or whether the world is generally all right because he is happy and feels good. And—for the rest of us at least—there is a very important distinction between these two alternatives.

Fortunately it is not difficult to find out. If we can discover the particular things that make Mr. Carnegie feel good and happy, and if these things make all the rest of us feel good and happy we can share in his joyfulness and agree that we feel that way because the world is generally all right. If these things don't make all of us feel good and happy, on the other hand, we will have to disagree with Mr. Carnegie and conclude that he only thinks the world all right because he is happy and feels good.

Now it so happens, luckily for our purpose, that Mr. Carnegie did tell the reporters some of the things which made him feel that way.

First he said that he was in excellent health and all the reports about his sickness were fabrications. That is certainly one reason for Mr. Carnegie feeling good and happy, but not exactly an overpowering incentive to most of the rest of us to feel the same way. For instance—not to mention other places—the vast number of people, men, women and children who figure in the sickness and mortality lists of Pittsburg—which Mr. Carnegie says is all right—can hardly be expected to rejoice with exceeding great joy, just because Mr. Carnegie isn't sick. They are thinking more of themselves in that respect, just as Mr. Carnegie is thinking of himself. So we may conclude that the world isn't necessarily right because Andrew is enjoying good health, even though he may think so.

Another item in the Carnegie joy is his statement about Taft. That gentleman, according to Carnegie, is a "splendid" man and makes an "excellent" President. How about that? Does all the world generally agree?

How about the man who asked Taft what a workingman should do who was starving and couldn't find a job, and received the answer "God knows"? Was that calculated to make him feel good and happy? Did he think Taft was a splendid man and would make an excellent President because of that answer? Clearly not. How about the millions of labor union members who regard Taft as the "father of the Injunction"? And the growing number of citizens who look on him as the complacent tool of plutocratic interests? It is evident that a large number of people don't find happiness in contemplating Taft as President, though Mr. Carnegie does.

Governor Hughes is also an excellent man, and Mr. Carnegie holds that he is in the right place on the Supreme Court bench. This may make Andrew feel good and happy, but it has an opposite effect on a large number of other people, and they are already saying so.

Roosevelt is still another source of joy and satisfaction to Mr. Carnegie, but here again the world is by no means unanimous, even some of Mr. Carnegie's fellow capitalists regarding Theodore as a rather doubtful element in their happiness. However, this is easily explainable. Mr. Carnegie, though possessing great wealth, is not a "malefactor" in the Roosevelt vocabulary. He is a bondholder merely, and as he told the reporters humorously, he isn't "steeling" any more. He has left that to the others and so long as they pay his bonds and assure him an income, the "steeling" by which it is provided isn't his special business.

However, there is enough given to show that the Carnegie happiness isn't necessarily shared by the community, though Andrew evidently thinks that the community should be happy in making him happy. He isn't the only one, however, that holds that comfortable theory. He shares it in common with the majority of his fellow capitalists, who are firm in the belief that whatever is good for them must be good for all mankind.

Of course Mr. Carnegie isn't glad because the country is over-run with graft and corruption—Pittsburg (which is all right) being excepted of course. He doesn't feel joyful over the condition of the miserable wretches in Pittsburg, McKee's Rocks, Homestead, Bethlehem and other places where scores of thousands of poverty stricken slaves toil and sweat twelve hours a day, seven days a week for twelve cents an hour. He isn't happy because of the disclosures of the Pittsburg "Survey," the fearful disease breeding conditions, the sickening child mortality, and innumerable "accidents" which accompany the steel industry. His satisfaction is not increased by knowing that the ever rising cost of the necessaries of life is resulting in the starvation of millions, that for the vast majority of human beings, life is becoming an ever more desperate struggle for food and shelter, that murder, suicide and insanity are continually increasing, and that for the masses, social conditions are becoming ever more intolerable and unendurable. Not at all.

That is not the world Mr. Carnegie sees when he declares he is happy and feeling good. The world that contributes to his happiness is a totally different one.

It is comprised of great corporations, which, continually growing, extract ever more wealth, luxury and comfort from the labor of millions of human beings; of statesmen and politicians whose every act serves to maintain, perpetuate and increase the exploiting powers of these corporations; of judges whose decisions are given for the same purpose; of fawning sycophants of the press, the pulpit and the university who continually sing his praises as a philanthropist and benefactor of his kind. A world where private ownership of the means of life is the chief corner-stone of the social fabric, and in which this control and ownership is in the hands of men like himself.

Such a world is the best of all possible worlds—for Carnegie. But certainly not for the majority of his fellow creatures.

If we want to be happy and feel good, Carnegie's world must give place to a world where the means of life are the collective property of all the people.

Carnegie is happy because the Nation does not own the Trusts, and because individuals own them and he is one of the individuals.

And the rest of the world is unhappy, and will remain so until it sees that the Nation Must Own the Trusts and takes steps to realize that condition.

Carnegie voices the Capitalist or Individualist idea of happiness—the world is happy because I am happy.

WILSHIRE'S gives the Socialist conception—I am happy because the world is happy.

Which do you choose?

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argument, and an insufferable and intolerable nuisance.

But you won't find this out all at once; you won't even suspect it until some friend whom you have tried in vain to convert tells you right to your face that you are like all other Socialists. You will believe that. But when he further informs you that he means you are disagreeable, dictative, domineering and fanatic, you will feel at first insulted and then pity him for a fool. But you won't entertain for one moment the idea that he has the slightest foundation for such an opinion of you.

The chances are ten to one you will be converted to Socialism some day. If so, remember this explanation. You will find that it will fit the case exactly. It is the history of practically every active Socialist, and you will not escape, either.

But that won't hurt you any. On the contrary, it will give you a firmer grip of the subject.

Might as well start now. You nor no other man alive can successfully answer the position taken in that article, not if you were to be given the wealth of the world for it.

Best investigate for yourself, and see the result.

Explanation of Omission

Owing to being unexpectedly called from the city, the editor of the Woman's Department has been compelled to omit that feature from the present issue. The department will, however, be continued regularly in succeeding issues, as usual.

City Government By Commission

PERHAPS in no phase of public life have Americans so signally failed as in municipal government, as the innumerable exposures of civic rottenness and corruption clearly demonstrate. So intolerable are these conditions—and being due primarily to our system of production for private profit, they naturally tend to become worse—that it is not wonderful to find that the idea of "government by commission," or what is popularly known as "the Des Moines plan," has already been adopted by about seventy-five municipalities in their efforts to rid civic government from the apparent rule of the grafter.

It is significant that the plan in its first application was evolved to meet an emergency following a natural disaster. The city of Galveston, devastated many years ago by a tidal wave causing enormous loss of life and property, was forced to evolve this plan as the only means of conducting the affairs of the city in the first stages of its recovery from the effects of the deluge. The inhabitants clearly saw that a resumption of the old methods meant the completion of the destruction of the city and its extinction as an industrial center.

Des Moines, Iowa, followed the example of Galveston, and has been conducting its affairs on this system for the last two years, with, as the advocates of the plan claim, great success.

Briefly, the plan puts the entire control of the city into the hands of the Mayor and four Councilmen, who are held directly responsible for running its affairs during their term of office. The business of the city is conducted under five departments, Public Affairs, Accounts and Finances, Public Safety, Streets and Public Improvements, and Parks and Public Property. The Mayor is general supervisor of all departments and superintendent of the Public Affairs Department, each of the Councilmen acting as superintendent of one of the other departments. The elections are "non-partisan," and no party emblems appear on the ballots.

Initiative, referendum and right of recall are established. Legislation can be initiated by a petition of 25 per cent. of the voters, referendum by 10 per cent., and right of recall by 25 per cent.

If fuller particulars are desired by any of our readers, they can be found in a pamphlet on the subject issued by the City Council of Des Moines, which will be sent free on application.

The question of city government by commission was one of the subjects discussed by the Socialists at their recent National Convention in Chicago.

While several of the features of the Des Moines plan—notably the idea of the prohibition of party emblems in municipal elections—were found objectionable by the convention, the plan itself as a whole did not meet with general opposition, many of its features being recognized as elements in the Socialist program. Finally the committee entrusted with the report were instructed to make further investigations and report at the next convention of the party, under the circumstances a most sensible decision.

While the object of the plan is mainly the elimination of graft and corruption from city administration, its success has not as yet been indisputably proven. The best that can be said is that it *may* succeed, provided men of sterling honesty can always be selected; but this means, in turn, that such men, though capitalists themselves, must disregard capitalist interests, as it is well known that the graft and corruption in our civic centers spring ultimately from that source. The criminal forces in our civic life, which Judge Lindsey, of Denver, personifies as "The Beast" in his recent volume and which are nothing more or less than corporate interests, know perfectly well how to manipulate the "honest man," and there is no positive guarantee that government by commission may not be made to serve corporate interests and at less expense. While those interests are served, the elimination of the grafter is not a great matter of concern to the corporations, which really regard him as a necessary and expensive evil.

The plan is an endeavor to perform the difficult task of serving two masters. One or other is ultimately bound to receive the service, but there is no telling definitely which under present conditions.

A Socialist administration such as Milwaukee now possesses, composed of men who have definitely set their faces against capitalism and whose guiding principle and ultimate ideal is its eventual abolition, are much more likely to succeed in freeing a civic community from graft—so far as it can be done—than a group of officials, however honest, who identify capitalistic interests generally with the interests of the community. And, again, at most the question of graft is by no means of the highest importance to the Socialist who recognizes it as the effect of a cause—a result primarily of social rather than individual rottenness.

While the limitations of the plan are evident enough, and it contains much that Socialists object to as well as advocate, we are in full agreement with the action taken by the Socialist National Convention in making the matter a subject for further study and discussion, as the efforts of society to rid itself of capitalistic evils invariably display a more or less distinct recognition of the necessity of socialistic measures to deal with them.

CONVINCED AGAINST THEIR WILL

FOR years WILSHIRE'S has insisted that the Trusts could only be dealt with through Socialism, and no doubt the constant repetition of this statement may have become somewhat wearisome to many of our readers. We are glad, therefore, to have the *Saturday Evening Post* join the chorus. Here is the song its editor sings in the issue of June 18:

President Taft's latest statement of his purposes in a recent magazine makes it clear once more that when it comes to the Trusts, all political parties, except the Socialists, are at sea in the same boat. They see the same problem and propose to deal with it in the same way. This problem arises from the long-continued, steady drift toward monopolistic combinations. Regular Republicans, insurgent Republicans and Democrats propose to handle it by checking the drift, breaking up monopolistic combinations that now exist and preventing new ones. We think this program utterly futile, partly because the country has been following it for twenty years, during which time ever larger and more powerful combinations have been formed. It is only in respect to railroads that the country has made any progress whatever in coping with monopolistic combinations; and with regard to the country's progress in that particular, President Taft says: "I am utterly opposed to Socialism; but in the powers given the Government to fix rates it must be admitted that in our relation to railroad corporations we have gone a long way in the direction of Socialism."

In other words, then, it is only by being "socialistic" that we have had any success whatever in dealing with monopolistic combinations; and if the "socialistic" way is the successful way, why doesn't somebody propose to follow it farther. Is it because we are frightened at a word?

Factory inspection and child labor laws are socialistic also, but we do not hesitate to adopt them, nor does adopting them make us converts to the whole Socialist platform. We don't believe there will be an end of the Trust problem without an Interstate Commerce Commission having jurisdiction over industrial combinations, and whichever party first frankly adopted that "socialistic" expedient will probably score an advantage.

Very well put. Now it only remains for us to explain to the *Post* the reasons for the delay of the rest of mankind, and remind them that patience is a virtue.

"Why don't somebody propose further socialistic measures?" says the *Post*.

That is the very question every novice wants answered when he has discovered an important truth. He cannot understand why everybody doesn't see as he does.

Seeing is believing, of course, but it doesn't necessarily follow that those who see and believe will act in accordance therewith. There is scriptural authority for the statement that there are those who believe—and tremble. We don't claim, of course, that the *Post* trembles, but it isn't advocating further instalments of Socialism, so you can notice it. It is waiting for "somebody" else.

President Ripley, of the Santa Fé Railroad, also sees and believes. He is reported as stating that within ten years the railroads of the country will be owned and operated by the Government, but he isn't doing anything to accelerate the process. He agrees with Taft, but like him is opposed to Socialism.

To recognize or even accept the inevitable isn't the same thing as assisting to hasten its coming. There is always the alternative position of passively resigning one's self to it. Because we can't hinder, it doesn't follow that we must help. There is always the philosophy of "sufficient to the day is the evil thereof" to fall back upon.

The trouble with the *Post* is that, unlike the Socialists, it "doesn't understand human nature."

Russell; Idol Breaker

Charles Edward Russell is shattering many of our old-time American political idols. Get last June's *Hampton's* if you think that thirty years ago there were at least one or two United States Senators who were not upon the payroll of C. P. Huntington.

Russell has the facts that daub all these old-timers with the same brush, and he, significantly, does not hesitate to say in closing: "I have used the past tense in describing the political degradation of California, but I might have as well written it in the present. Forms have changed somewhat and methods; the essence remains the same."

Latest advices from Alaska report that the Guggenheim combination is giving considerable attention to "the conservation of our national resources" in that territory.

The Municipal Bakery in Budapest

By ODON POR, Foreign Correspondent Wilshire's

THE following reasons and circumstances have induced the city of Budapest, Hungary, to build and manage one of the most modern bakeries of the world: the daily bread, the mode of its making, the conditions of the bakery, the quality of the flour and other materials used in baking and the handling of the bread and so on, are of public importance, not merely because bread is the staple food of the whole population and the indispensable food of the poorer classes especially, but also because the individual consumer is unable to control and judge the above indicated numerous circumstances, moreover even the authorities can exercise only a periodical control over the bakeries and can inflict only posterior punishments upon the infringers of the law.

General View of Municipal Bakery, Budapest

The right of the authorities to interfere with the production of bread extends only over the grosser abuses and the graver unsanitary conditions menacing public health, while it cannot control the business methods of the bakers and certain changes in the quality of the bread. These latter things are left entirely at the mercy of individual greed, notwithstanding that bread can be easily adulterated and is the subject of much fraud. For instance, the Department of Chemistry of the City of Budapest has found at a trial baking that one pound of flour can be easily mixed with 200 per cent. water and potatoes without the lay consumer realizing at all the poor quality of the bread. Further, the shop conditions in most bakeries are entirely behind the present standards of culture and technical science and cannot be justified at all. And, last but not least, the price of bread is continually rising, not so much because wages and prices of raw material have increased, but on account of the limitless greed of the owners of the bakeries.

In an official publication of the city of Budapest we read that the most practical way to remedy the above abuses and to protect the public is to build a municipal bakery capable of such a great output that the market will be determined by it. The aim of the municipal bakery is, first of all, to create a healthy competition and to force the bakers thereby to bake as healthy and good a bread as the municipal bakery, and, second, to regulate with its competition the price of the bread, keeping it in balance with the prices of raw material and the other factors of production. Thirdly, that the city should be in position to provide the population with cheap bread or distribute it free of charge in cases of emergency, as in times of extraordinary high prices or famine.

The municipal bread factory is now in operation for just a year and was so successful on all lines that its enlargement is, at present, under discussion. The pictures here reproduced give a clear view of the factory and we need not go into details. Everything is done by machines, the bread is, from start to finish, never touched by the hands of the baker. Before going to work every baker is obliged to take a bath and put on the clean clothes provided by the factory. Adolphe Smith, the great public-health expert, in an article in *The Lancet*, the foremost medical journal of the world, has expressed his unconditioned approval of this factory.

The daily production of the factory is about 100,000 pounds. It introduced the selling of the bread by weight instead of by loaves, thus giving better values to the public. Besides that, it gives absolutely healthy bread to the public, it has succeeded in substantially reducing the price of the bread, making a difference of 15 hellers (3c.) per kilo. The baker bosses fought bitterly against this municipal bakery, but the determination of the authorities and the sympathies of the public for the municipal bakery defeated them along all lines, with the result that they have reduced the price of their bread to the level of the municipal price, and ultimately will have to build modern factories. Their resistance would result in their own destruction, for the municipality may enlarge its bakery to the extent of supplying the needs of the whole city and may introduce a municipal bread-monopoly.

Placing the Bread in the Ovens

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES *and* NEWS

At the end of 1908 there were 611,478 miles of railway in the entire world, of which 274,372 were in North America and 202,109 in Europe.

Iron and steel industries of Canada have been merged into one huge combination which will be known as the Canadian Steel Corporation. The concern starts off with a capitalization of $25,000,000.

Last year 15,407,527 net tons of steam shipping passed through the Suez Canal, an increase of 1,774,244 tons over the previous year.

The estimated cotton output of India for the present year is 4,502,000 bales, an increase of about 800,000 bales over the output of 1908-1909. India has 20,227,000 acres under cotton cultivation.

The Vacuum Oil Co., of Austria, owned by the Standard Oil Co. of the United States, went out of business recently in consequence of the Socialistic proposals accepted and carried out by the Austrian Government by which the entire industry is taken over and operated by the Government. Now the Austrian nation owns the Oil Trust and Rockefeller disappears as a menace.

Previous to his recent departure for Europe, Mr. Thomas F. Ryan was good enough to designate seven of the younger generation of financiers to whom "the interests of the country must look in time of peril." The first six are Henry P. Davidson, Otto H. Kahn, Mortimer L. Schiff, John B. Dennis, George F. Baker, Jr., and James Stillman, Jr. The seventh is the one and only J. Pierpont Morgan, and, says Mr. Ryan, "there cannot be a second." These gentry will act as shepherds to the flock of silly sheep, their ability as shearers being undisputed.

Savings bank deposits, which are supposed to be the property of the wage workers, show some curious statistical anomalies. Sixty per cent. of all the savings bank depositors and deposits in the United States are in the three States of Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York. Ohio, which is a much greater industrial State than Connecticut, has but 40 per cent. of the "savings" of the latter. Evidently as an index to the wealth of the wage workers, the savings bank deposits are somewhat untrustworthy in view of these statistics.

A most striking illustration of the progress the negro is making is given in the fact that the Democrats of Oklahoma are trying their utmost to disfranchise him.

The Red Flag

By Bertha Wilkins Starkweather.

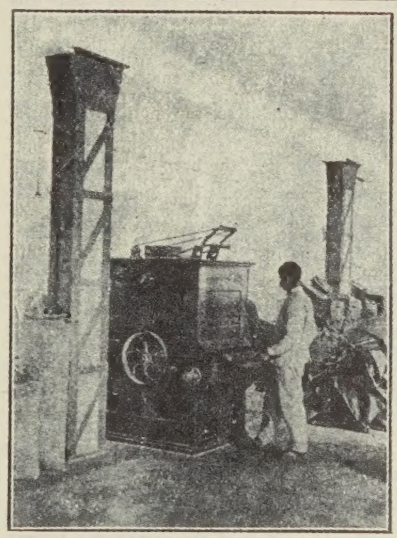
Though it challenge antagonism, we can fly no other banner.

The red flag is a legacy—inherited from the revolutionary working class of prehistoric times. Upon tablets of clay slave-workmen carved the story of ancient kings and nobles. They carved what was dictated to them by "historians"; but in their leisure hours these skilled workmen carved tablets of their own dictating, and from them we read that the slaves of that dim day were fighting under the red flag as are we.

With the fall of the red flag in the hands of Spartacus, Rome fell. Though she floundered around in her blood-stained arena a few centuries longer, the Mistress of the World was dead—it was a harlot rioting in her place.

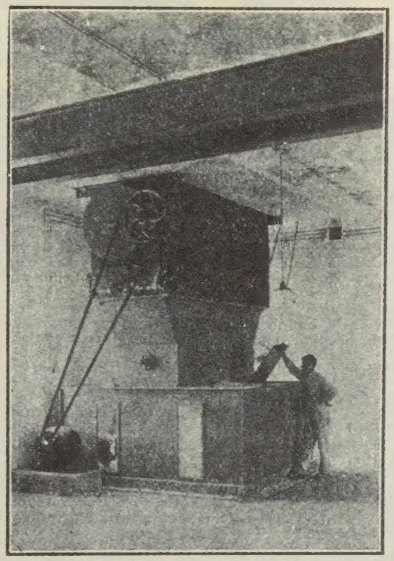
The Spartacus of our time is the great working class. It cannot fall, and the red flag must yet wave above the Parliament of Man, the Industrial Federation of the World!

Of the 76 Socialist Deputies in the French Chamber, 30 are workingmen and seven farmers. It contains also six doctors, three schoolmasters, five merchants and eight college professors. One of the workingmen delegates is described as a window cleaner, another is a sailor, and two more are described as shoemaker and postman, respectively.



The Flour Sieves
Municipal Bakery, Budapest.

Karl M. Liebknecht and Karl Legien, two prominent Socialist members of the German Reichstag, will make a speaking tour of this country for from six to eight weeks, beginning in October. Legien is one of the best equipped men in Germany dealing with matters pertaining to organized labor, while Liebknecht, the son of a still more famous Socialist, has given special attention to the political side of Socialism and the special question of militarism.



Sack Cleaning Machine
Municipal Bakery, Budapest.

It is officially estimated that for the year 1910 India will produce 9,557,000 tons of wheat, an increase of 26 per cent. over last year's crop. There is, however, no official estimate that native deaths from starvation will decrease by a corresponding percentage.

Some interesting data concerning the personnel of the recent Socialist Convention held in Chicago has been published by the National Secretary. Forty-six States were represented by 107 delegates. Of these, 83 were American born, 6 Germans, 5 English, 4 Finnish, 3 Canadian, 2 Russian, and 1 each from Sweden, Denmark, Austria and the Netherlands. Forty-two of the 107 were members of trade unions. There were four lawyers, seven lecturers, two professors, two merchants and one clergyman. All the others were wage workers of various kinds. Besides the above there were 18 delegates from foreign-speaking organizations affiliated with the party.

Though there are less than 5,000 miles of railroads in China, and the building of railroads is still in its infancy there, the Chinese Government is already alive to the necessity of government ownership of railroads. It has taken over the Pekin-Hankow road recently and is preparing to absorb another heretofore privately-owned line, and, in addition, is itself projecting the construction of still another important road. China is altogether too progressive to tolerate the step-by-step methods of this country by which we permit a succession of Vanderbilts, Goulds, Hills, Harrimans and Morgans to gradually consolidate the railroads until government ownership becomes inevitable and is finally thrust upon us.

Is it not somewhat unreasonable to expect the practical politician to assume a favorable attitude toward Socialism when he hears that it would make graft impossible?

Who will do the dirty work under Socialism? Why, the Socialists, of course, and the first and dirtiest job they will tackle will be the cleaning out of the old party politicians.

The Point of View

By Victor Gage Kimbert.

I stood on a plain serenely fair,
Where the bright sun shone, and grass grew green,
And little children played all around,
While happy mothers watched the scene.
And I said this is a joyous world,
And things are all as they ought to be,
These Agitators love muck and dirt,
For things are as fair as fair can be,
So we'll stand pat,
And let well enough alone.

But one had climbed an adjacent hill,
And his vision reached beyond my ken,
He told of suffering want and woe,
And fierce wild struggles 'twixt men and men.
He called "come up" but I shook my head,
I can see all things from here as well,
So I still sang on of love and hope,
And closed my ears to his talk of hell.
So we'll all stand pat,
And let well enough alone.

He called again, and with weary feet,
I struggled up till I reached his side,
And *then* I saw, but my tongue would fail,
To tell of the scene spread far and wide,
Where women fainted and children starved
Mid the flames and carnage riot there,
Where gaunt faced men were like beasts of prey,
A little way from my plain so fair.
Where all stood pat
And left well enough alone.

I climbed again, and I saw a stream
With an angry rush and maddening roar,
Come sweeping on with relentless force,
Its waves piled high from shore to shore.
And with vision cleared I saw the end,
And my soul grew sick with fear and dread,
The plain must vanish and naught remain,
But upturned faces of maimed and dead,
If we all stand pat
And let bad enough alone.

"A MODERN CHRONICLE"

A Review of Winston Churchill's Latest Novel, by UPTON SINCLAIR

ONCE every two years Mr. Churchill produces a new novel, elaborate in its scope, carefully written and always entertaining material with which to pass away a day of rest. Mr. Churchill started far back in American history and has now reached as far as the period when automobiles and "bridge" were just becoming the fashion. I have read with interest everything that he has written, not only because I like to pass a day of rest now and then, but because Mr. Churchill is our most prominent popular novelist and sells several hundred thousand copies of each of his books, and is therefore an important sign of the times. The thing that strikes me about his work is its peculiar intellectual and spiritual immaturity. I feel this more and more as he goes to deal with modern themes and with the everyday life about us. His people are convincing as far as they go, but they never seem to me to go beyond the age of 17. All their morals and ideals are the morals and ideals which people cherish at that age.

In his previous two volumes Mr. Churchill had got far enough to make the discovery that graft is widespreading in our politics and is a very harmful influence. He rebuked it sternly, as it might be rebuked by Governor Hughes in Albany or by President Roosevelt in the Sorbonne. And now, in his last volume, Mr. Churchill grows even bolder, and attacks the dangerous problem of divorce. I was interested when I made this discovery, because I knew that I would find out in Mr. Churchill's novel just exactly how far the mind of the American people has progressed on the subject.

When you wish to write a novel dealing with divorce you have always one situation: A man or woman has in some way been led into an unworthy marriage, and later on in life the man or woman discovers the true soul-mate; and then what is to be done? The old solution was to have them renounced and suffer many agonies until the concluding chapter, when the novelist mercifully disposed of the superfluous member of the trio, leaving the hero and the heroine to live happy ever aftr. That is the solution of Jane Eyre; and I remember how it thrilled me when I was a boy as old as the American people are now. I rather took it for granted that this would be Mr. Churchill's solution. As I went on, however, greatly to my surprise I discovered that the hero and the heroine were apparently going ahead to get a divorce in spite of everything; and I put the book down and stared about me, wondering if it could possibly be that Mr. Churchill was going to write a book in defence of divorce. He had made his hero and heroine such very sensible people that it seemed to me that he was closing every other gate save that one. However, I realized that this could not be the case, because when the heroine went ahead to get the divorce Mr. Churchill gave such a repellent picture of Reno, Nevada. Of course, it is true that the people who go to Reno, Nevada, and get divorces are many of them unpleasant types; and doubtless the political Judges who grant the divorces are also unpleasant types. Apparently Mr. Churchill does not realize that neither the hero nor the heroine nor the demon divorce are to be blamed for this. There is no reason why, if we are going to grant divorces to New York people, we should not grant them in New York; and there is no reason why we should assign the duty of granting the divorces to vulgar political Judges.

I went on with the story and finally got to the solution which Mr. Churchill had worked out. His heroine gets her divorce, but against her conscience, so that she is properly and respectably miserable afterward, and marries the hero and, of course, makes them both miserable. They go to live in a narrow, little New England town, and the heroine insists on going to a respectable society church and having her feelings hurt because nobody speaks to her. She also makes the unfortunate husband angry by her attitude, and when one of the insufferable pillars of the respectable society church insults the hero, the heroine takes the side of the pillar of the church. She made her husband so unhappy that he filled up his house with a collection of disreputable Newport divorcees, and goes off riding on a half-crazy horse and is killed.

Apparently nobody is expected to perceive that all the unhappiness which grows out of this divorce is owing to the fact that the heroine gratuitously places herself at the mercy of the opinions of the respectable *bourgeoisie*. You feel this at the very moment where the divorce begins to be talked about. The hero and the heroine have previously been sensible American people, talking about things in sensible ways; but when they begin to talk about divorce neither of them points out to the other any of the obvious facts which make the divorce and remarriage between them not only a perfectly proper thing but even a social duty. Their conversation is confined to their blind craving for "happiness," and, of course, when we have met that word "happiness" a dozen or more times we understand that the blind craving is destined to lead them to destruction—since every 17-year-old moralist knows that the desire for happiness is a wicked thing which must under no circumstances be indulged. They never mention the fact that there are more intelligent people in other portions of the world among whom they could perform any work of social usefulness and importance. Instead of going abroad for a year or two as such a couple naturally would, they settle themselves in a town and proceed to let the town make them miserable. We are given to understand that among the Newport set with whom Mr. Churchill's novel deals there are only two classes of people—those who are horrified by the getting of the divorce and those who have got divorced more or less frequently and have nothing else to do save to get drunk.

Of course it would never do for Mr. Churchill to end the novel with the hero being brought home on a stretcher after having been for his insane horseback ride. So away back at the beginning of the story we are made acquainted with a man who has worshipped the heroine from boyhood, who has been her friend and consoler in distress, and who has sternly rebuked her for getting the divorce and remarrying. This second hero now comes forward and the heroine is made blissfully happy in his arms. The absurdity of which conclusion is apparently not realized by Mr. Churchill. The divorced ex-husband is still alive, so the heroine's third marriage is under the baleful cloud of divorce quite as much as was the second one. Is the 17-year-old moralist to understand from Mr. Churchill that a divorce and one remarriage constitute a social crime, while a divorce and two remarriages constitute a happy ending?

Capitalist Forecasts Physical Revolution

THOSE gentle souls who ask in horror-stricken accents if Socialists contemplate a revolution by physical force, should control their horror until they learn that even if Socialists speculate upon this outcome, there are others, non-Socialists—in fact, capitalists whose every interest lies in maintaining things as they are, who not only contemplate a physical revolt in the future, but actually expect it. Mr. Charles Edward Russell, who has been writing a series of articles in the *Success Magazine* on "The Power Behind the Republic," detailing the effect of modern business in these United States, concludes one of his papers with the following anecdote:

And now I want to record the words that were said to me on this subject not long ago by an American banker. If I could tell you his name you would give to this article an amount of attention I can never draw from you, because he is known in every corner of the country as a man of millions and an inheritor of millions. We were talking under conditions that make men frank and communicative; I mean we met abroad in a strange country, when compatriots usually feel freer to talk to one another than they would ever feel at home. Thus we were running on about capitalization, and the banker told me the story of a concern that, if you do not mind, I will disguise here under the name of the Hot Muffin Trust, because there is no need of unpleasantly distinguishing any one set of men. Of this organization the whole history had passed under his immediate notice, so that he told it very well. The organizers had come together and put into a pool all their property, worth less than $2,000,000. On this they had issued $10,000,000 of stock and $10,000,000 of bonds in their amalgamated new company. The bonds they had sold to the public with forty per cent. of the stock, these securities being in effect equally a lien upon the enterprise, with interest and dividends to be dug out of the public. Later they added another establishment worth $1,000,000 and put out $10,000,000 more of stock. They continued to acquire establishments and to issue stocks and bonds until they had a capitalization of $100,000,000 on property that previously had been capitalized at perhaps one-tenth of that sum; and on the increase they were taking profits from the public.

When he made an end of his narrative I said: "You have told the story of the Hot Muffin Trust, which fell under your observation, but without thinking it you have told also the history of the Cruller Trust and the Tin Horn Trust, with which I happen to be equally familiar."

"As a matter of fact," he said, "I have told the history of a hundred. They are all alike."

"Now," said he after a time, "What do you think will be the outcome of all this?"

"I don't know," said I, "I suppose the process will go as far as it can, and then stop."

"Either one of two things," said he. "It will have to be stopped pretty soon, or we shall have a revolution."

"A physical revolution—violence?"

"Exactly. A physical revolution—violence and bloodshed, and barricades in the streets."

"Oh, come now," said I, "you are not serious. The American people are not that sort. They haven't any use for revolutions."

"Haven't they?" said he grimly. "Well, they will have when they wake up and find that all their resources have been seized by one little group of men. I guess they will have use enough for revolutions when they begin to get hungry. The result of all this capitalizing is to increase poverty on one side and superfluity on the other. You can't keep that up very long without raising tro ble."

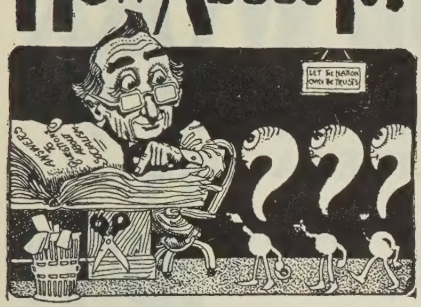
"Well," I said, "You are a banker—about the last man in the world I should expect to hear that from."

"So?" said he. "Let me tell you that for a long time I have not met a man of my own class who did not take practically the same view. He wouldn't publicly acknowledge it, and neither would I. But among themselves they don't hide their convictions. Only they think the thing is far off and another generation will have to deal with it, and I think it is close at hand. The process has been greatly accelerated of late. Every day there is more of it. The profits of these consolidations must be invested, and as they are invested they produce more profits, all going into the same hands and in turn demanding new investments. You can see where that will end."

And we will only add, that if physical revolution is to be avoided the only possible way is through Socialism to "Let The Nation Own The Trusts."

Isn't it about time that the so-called "reward of abstinence"—whatever that might be—should be brought forward as some consolation for the increased cost of living?

How About It?



M. J. O'B., Boston, Mass.—I have been told that there is a Socialist paper published in Ireland, and that there is a Socialist movement there. If this is so, can you give me the name of the paper and some idea of the size of the Socialist movement there?

There is a Socialist paper published in Dublin and named *The Harp*. Its editor is James Conolly, and its address is Temple Lane, Dublin. *The Harp* was formerly published in New York, but was transferred to Ireland by its editor, who is well known in this country as a speaker. As to the size of the movement in Ireland, we have no very definite idea beyond the fact that it is still small but growing. It is, however, large enough to attract the attention of the Church in Dublin and has been opposed and denounced by the ecclesiastical authorities. Probably Dublin and Belfast contain the majority of Irish Socialists, those cities being far in the front of all others in the island, as regards industrial development. It is said that Socialistic ideas are pervading the country people to some extent, but are naturally mixed up with Nationalism and opposition to British rule. You can get more detailed information no doubt by applying to the Irish Socialist Federation here in New York City. Their address is 436 East 155th Street, New York.

F. D. M., Louisville, Ky.—In a recent issue of your paper you say that Rockefeller and Morgan are regarded by Socialists as the agents of Socialism. Do these men and others of their kind so regard themselves, or are they ignorant of the Socialist view of their activity?

Not knowing any of them personally, we cannot definitely say. Some years ago a story went the rounds of the papers to the effect that Morgan understood and agreed with this view, but we have no means of knowing if the story is true or false. It seems hardly possible that they have not heard at some time or other the statement that the trusts are bringing Socialism, for this statement is made almost as often by small business interests as by Socialists. The probability is, however, that even so, they pay no attention to it. The great business magnate is usually too much engrossed by his financial and industrial affairs, and too confident of his own assumed knowledge of almost every subject, to give much consideration to anything Socialists may say. In his view, if he takes any notice whatever of them, they are merely a lot of discontented and foolish people, envious of his wealth and success, and therefore unworthy of serious attention. This is simply the usual blindness which every class in history displayed, even when its rule was on the point of destruction. It is a natural attitude, however, for the successful business man, who usually has thousands of flatterers to confirm his own estimate of himself. The effect of this is seen in the general assumption of the word "practical," which quality is presumed to belong especially to the successful business man and its opposite ascribed to all those who see beyond the present limits of capitalistic business.

C. H. H., Omaha, Neb.—Will a republican form of government be essential under Socialism?

Yes. But it is as well to remember that at present a capitalistic republic like the United States is no more favorable to the growth and development of Socialism than is a limited monarchy, say like Great Britain. Indeed, it might be contended that the British form of government gives more scope for the development of Socialism in many respects than the American Republic. The object of Socialism being the abolition of classes and class rule, it follows that a republic is the natural form of government that will be established under Socialism, as no other form so well fits Socialist theory.

Government Wireless In Alaska

(*Hampton's Magazine.*)

The important matter is to secure government ownership and operation of railroads in Alaska. We have reason to believe that a bill to obtain this result will be introduced in Congress. Let us urge you to do your share: *write now to your Senator and your Representative* and tell him that you favor government ownership and operation of railroads in Alaska, and the leasing upon a royalty system of the mineral lands of the territory.

There can be no objection to these plans, except from the looters. Our attention has been called to the success of the government in operating the wireless telegraph in Alaska. The government, for purposes of military communication, established a wireless service in Alaska. As a convenience to the inhabitants this wireless took commercial messages also. What happened? The government found that the wireless was making money! But there was no provision for the disposal of these unforeseen revenues. They could not be turned into the treasury without a special enactment. What could the government do? It cut the telegraph rate in half, hoping thus to make no more of these bothersome profits. What then happened? The business doubled in volume! Now the government is contemplating another cut. It is hardly necessary to point out that a government-owned railroad in Alaska would exhibit the same phenomena.

Books Received

REPORT OF THE ATTORNEY GENERAL (NEW YORK STATE) ON THE MILK QUESTION. Legislative document printed at Albany, N. Y. Cloth, 327 pp.

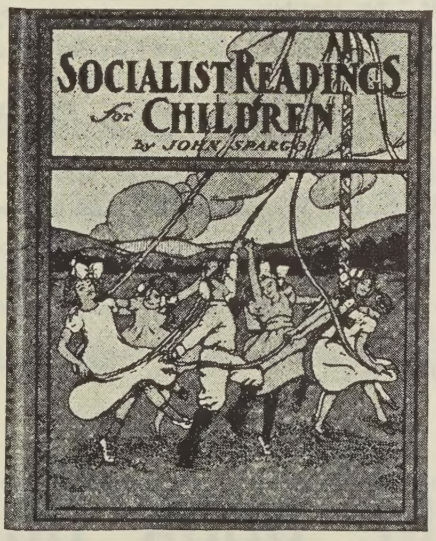
THE SOCIAL EVIL, ITS CAUSE AND CURE. By J. H. Greer, M.D. Paper, 64 pp. Published by the Author at 52 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

SOCIALISM: THE MAIN POINTS. By Wilbur C. Benton. Paper, 40 pp., 10 cents. Published by the Author at 163 Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

NOW ONLY 70 CENTS

SPARGO'S "SOCIALIST READINGS FOR CHILDREN"

BEST book ever written for children on Socialism. Entertaining and instructive. Worth many times its cost to a family where there are little ones to be taught the truth. Hundreds of copies have been sold, but many who wanted to have it have felt that they could not pay the previous price of $1.00.



WE want to get the book well distributed among the boys and girls of Socialist parents, and have decided to put the price down to the lowest possible figure, 70 cents postpaid, 60 cents in lots of five or more. The edition is limited, so get in your order as early as possible.

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347 LOCALS HAVE ARRANGED FOR A SYSTEMATIC DISTRIBUTION OF SOCIALIST LITERATURE

IF YOURS IS NOT IN LINE, GET BUSY

Last month, 347 Locals sent for Literature advertised in the July Wilshire's, for systematic distribution. This means that in at least 347 sections, a Literature Distributing Brigade has been organized. We can already see a greatly increased vote for our party in November, and when the returns come in these 347 Locals will be very much in evidence.

Quantity prices quoted last month continue during the month of August. If your Local has not already taken this up, bring it to their attention at the next meeting. Remember, our QUANTITY PRICES ARE CUT RIGHT IN HALF, and you will not for a long time have the opportunity to secure good Socialist Literature at such prices.

Look over the list and send in your order for what you need

"WHY A WORKINGMAN SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST," by Gaylord Wilshire. Regular price, 75 cents per 100. Special price, July and August, 40 cents per 100.

"THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE TRUST," by Gaylord Wilshire. Best pamphlet on the Trust Question that has ever been written. The regular price is $2.00 per 100 copies; during July and August the price will be $1.00 per 100.

"THE A. B. C. OF SOCIALISM," by Harvey P. Moyer. Regular price, $1.00 per 100. Special July and August price, 50 cents per 100.

"EASY LESSONS IN SOCIALISM," by W. H. Leffingwell. Unexcelled for the beginner. Hundreds of thousands have been sold, and the demand for it still continues. Price, $2.00 per 100 copies. During July and August, $1.00 per 100.

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VERY SPECIAL

We will send 100 each of the above for the special price of $4.00. Get your Brigade organized, and take up this offer.

The above prices include postage. In fact, they just about cover the cost of production and mailing, hence we must make the terms cash with order.

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